The Wise Prepare, The Fools Don't Care.—See page ii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 514. SATURDAY APRIL 8. 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

017680

A For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge*, an insurance against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary life and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin. We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the insured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

April 8, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(Strike out one of these.)

April 8, 1916.

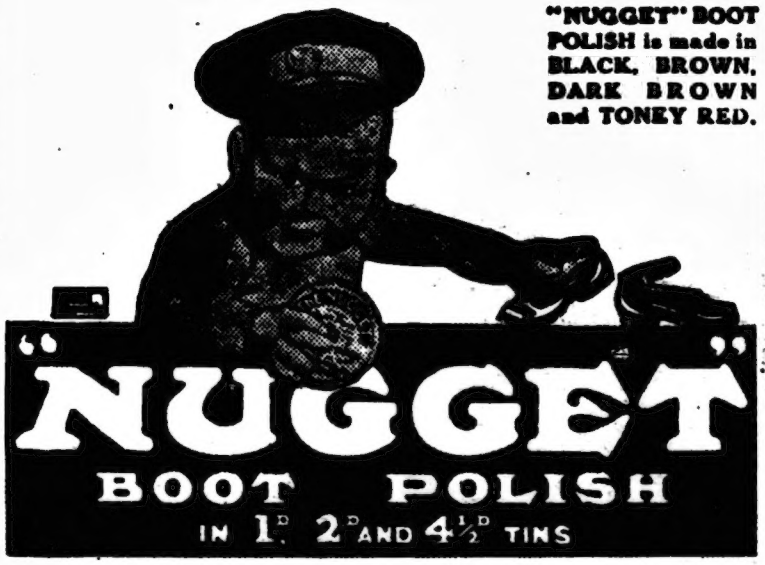
And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....

"All we Military chaps use it."



"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH is made in BLACK, BROWN, DARK BROWN and TONEY RED.

"NUGGET"
BOOT POLISH
IN 1D 2D AND 4½D TINS

When you see a
BROOKS SADDLE
on a bicycle you know that one accessory at least is of the highest grade—when you see another saddle, well—think twice before you buy the bicycle
The BROOKS BOOK IS FREE—ASK US FOR IT
J. B. BROOKS & Co LTD
92, CRITERION WORKS
BIRMINGHAM

Some foods you think are Spratt's are not SPRATT'S at all.
Be careful of *fancy names*. Your Dog's health depends upon it. Always look for the name SPRATT'S and the TRADE MARK X

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, &c. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to home in PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send post-card to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments, first bill due 26 years.
CHARLES RILEY, Desk 18, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
Please mention "John Bull" when writing for lists.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 514. Week ending Saturday, April 8th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

An Interesting Week.

To rush down to Cheshire on a Monday, take a vigorous part in an exciting by-election—then get snowed up for ten hours on the railway, and afterwards, for two days, cut off from all postal, telegraph and telephone communication—then to address a huge meeting on the East Coast, with Zeppelin warnings shrieking from the local "buzzers"; to see Pemberton-Billing, who was with us, rise to the occasion, and hypnotise the affrighted audience into philosophic and grim calm; afterwards, by special leave of the authorities, to motor, with him, along the roads and lanes leading from the town, and through the dim starlight watch the weird figures of panic-stricken women and children—many in their night dresses—fleeing from the terror of the skies; and then, in consequence, to be again held up all night on the railway; and, withal, somehow or other, to get through our journalistic and other work—surely (to bring this Gladstonian sentence to a close) were an interesting week's experience.

"P. B.'s" Indignation.

And we shall never forget "P.-B.'s" wrath as he gazed upon those huddled masses of shivering humanity—little mites clinging to their mothers, terrified women and girls pushing perambulators full of wondering infants—aye, and old men and women, and many cripples, struggling along with terror-stricken faces. "Great God," he exclaimed, "and they tell us that these raids are devoid of military value! What wouldn't I give to get Tennant here to-night. I am glad I was able to keep my promise to come with you to an East Coast town where they know what Zeppelin raids mean. Yes, I am glad I have seen this. Look at them, poor devils; and we are told that all is well with the Air Service! *I must tell the House of Commons about this.*"

"If You See It——!"

And so one Zeppelin has been brought down at last. Writing only last week apropos of the discovery by the Government of the fact that these sky-monsters carry *inflammable* gas, we expressed the hope that "Now that their eyes are opened, the next 'sausage-ship' which visits us will have a warmer reception." And it was so.

Now for the Honours!

But what are we going to do with the captured crew? What is the date of the State banquet in their honour? And who will take the chair? All *we* wish to do is to settle the *menu*, and do the cooking!

Lord Derby.

Look out for an important announcement—with, perhaps, one respecting Lord Montagu of Beaulieu thrown in.

Who Was the Officer?

It will be remembered that in the recent fight between the *Alcantara* and the *Greif*, we lost 70 of our men—and that 115 Germans were saved. Is it true, as stated by a member of the crew, that owing to orders given them our sailors had to leave many of our own fellows in the water whilst they went ahead at full speed to pick up the Germans? Who was the officer responsible?

Clubland.

The City Carlton have suspended the rule requiring members to be supporters of "Conservative and Unionist principles and to acknowledge the recognised leaders of the Party," and have opened their doors to "All British subjects who are supporters of the principle of maintaining the unity of the British Empire." Why not go a step further—and make membership of *all* political clubs interchangeable?

More Musical Honours.

What with Mark Sheridan's famous ditty, "Mr. Bottomley—John Bull," F. V. St. Clair's "We Want a Few More Bottomleys," and Fred Arthur's "I Must Write to JOHN BULL About It," we thought we had been sufficiently honoured on the Halls; but now we hear that, just before he enlisted, "Alf Beckett" was "bringing down the houses" with "Why Not Question John?" Good luck to him at the front, where, as Sergeant Pratt, he is doing his bit in the trenches.

Hyde.

Hyde is another hiding for the Party politicians—another proof that when, if ever, we get back to the old contested elections, with caucus candidates in opposition to each other, the Business man will "scoop the pool." We deal more fully with the matter in our leading article.

One of the Best.

There are Quakers who do not quake; here is one of the best. "My father," a reader tells us, "does not hide his sons behind his Quaker's cloak. He is 70 next birthday, and comes of a very old Cumberland Quaker family. He has two sons who have been doing their bit since the beginning of the war, a grandson he brought up is in the Navy, two sons are in the first group of married men to be called up, a son-in-law is on a mine sweeper, and he is as proud as a peacock of them all." Gentlemen, attention! Salute!

Salonika's New Name.

In French it is Salonique, but—being a filthy sort of a hole—the boys have re-christened it *Salle-Unique*. Wonderful boys!

£1,000 Easter "Bullet."

For particulars of *our* latest nest egg, see page 24.

Don't ask for Help. Help Yourself. See page ii of cover.

Beautiful, Bountiful Bootle.

They are saving bodies at Bootle. Posters are out saying that cartage costs a lot, and asking householders to burn their refuse and rubbish, to save the expense of the dust-boy! And then the same careful bodies sat down and voted, to the Borough Treasurer and others, salary-increases amounting to £326 this year, and growing annually up to £819 for the fourth year. This is straining at the dustman and swallowing the officials.

Open Secrets.

An ingenious gentleman of Wolverhampton has invented a new kind of useful horror in the shape of an explosive shell that goes off, not only once, but several times, being impelled thereto by certain artful time fuses. Our description of the shell is an attempt to be graphic without giving away any information about the mechanism; as it is, we should much prefer not to know anything whatever about the invention until it had exploded among the Germhuns. But the patent is described at full length in a Wolverhampton newspaper, so probably Germhuny is as wise as we are by now. Who are the official madmen who permit the publication of such secret matters?

Germhuns Good, True and Merciful.

Speaking at a maternity home in a certain town, that curious ecclesiastic, the Archbishop of York, went out of his way to dilate upon the good points of the Germhuns, among whom are, according to him, men "good and true and merciful, even in these days." When we consider "these days," and when we remember that the Archbishop was speaking very near where bombs had been dropped only a day or two previously, killing and wounding many women, we think we are justified in applying the adjective "curious" to his Grace. His good, true, and merciful Germhuns may have dropped those bombs, but it was an error of taste to visit the stricken spot so soon and acclaim them in a hymn of praise.

By Whose Favour?

In every sphere it is possible to trace the effect of influence, exercised socially or politically, and it is fairly evident some influence was at work with the Ross-shire Tribunal when it granted exemption to an electrical engineer, in the service of Baron Schroder, of Attadale, so long as he remains in the Baron's employ. It is favouritism like this that goes against the grain of the married man, who wonders why he should leave family and business while this mechanic remains to look after the lights of a "Baron" whose barony is not a British one. The proviso, "so long as he remains in the service of Baron Schroder" is also mischievous; we would sooner exempt a man so long as he remained out of it.

On the East Coast.

Just recently we referred to a town on the East Coast which had lost an incredible number of smacks by mines. Now, the fishermen of that same port appeal to us. The "Naval Base," they say, "want us to go to sea with large companion, so as to make out we have got a gun, and they think that will frighten the Germhun submarines. But they won't give us a gun to go with! So they tell us to lay up our ships and walk about and see what our wives and children will call us." Now, these men have fished the North Sea without a stop, facing every danger, and they have suffered and lost and whined not. "They don't want us for the Naval Service, and won't enrol us," they say, "but we are told we are milk-hearted." Only an ass could tell them that, for the fishermen of the North Sea have been among the bravest of the brave. Their full, fine story is for the future to tell.

Another Queer Story.

Here is another queer story; as we hear it, so you have it: "I know of an instance, only a stone's throw from this town, where a firm tendered for some thousands of small castings at 5d. each, and the Government refused its tender. A merchant afterwards wrote to the same firm for their price, and they quoted 10d. That merchant got the order from the Government, and as he had to add his profit it is probable the Government ultimately paid 1s. instead of 5d. for the goods." Funnier things have happened.

German Dyes for British Flag.

Piquant disclosures were made in the New York Courts over an order for hundreds of thousands of Union Jacks, intended for export to England. When the first delivery of 12,400 flags was made, they were refused on the ground that they were not made with German dyes! The New York press gloats over this, and headlines it, "What! German Dyes for British Flag?" Evidently—if the Union Jack is printed in New York. It is the Briton who dies for the British flag. Let the Germhun dye be for ever taboo.

More Economy.

Another extraordinary sale of condemned Post Office stores is announced. This time the stuff on the go includes 7 tons of gutta-percha, quantities of copper, brass, zinc, iron, ebonite, indiarubber, cycle tubes, tools, lead dross, rope, telephone cords, cycles, and motors. It is beyond question that the Munitions Department could utilise some of the goods, and a business man would wonder why the necessary transfer should not be made without first selling the stuff to brokers and then buying it back again at an inflated price. For most that is sold will indubitably be re-bought.

The Ghouls.

A new horror is added to death by the number of ghouls who watch the obituary columns in the hope of making money out of the grave. The latest example is a man, Greenbury, of Whitby, whose name is horribly appropriate, for a burial is scarcely green before he swoops. The day following the announcement of one man's death, a box of jet arrived from Greenbury, with the intimation that £1 2s. 6d. was the price for the lot. The man wanted the return of goods not approved, cash was to be "enclosed in box" for "any kind kept," and he had the nerve to "trust he was giving no trouble or inconvenience." He should know that he was giving both, and that it is an indelicacy and an impertinence to send, unasked, his samples of "mourning jewellery" to mourners whose grief is so new.

"A was an Archer——"

Mr. William Archer, having translated Ibsen and served his time as a dramatic critic, is, of course, competent to pronounce upon high politics in the *Daily News*. Being a fond admirer of Germany and things German, he fits well into his environment. A recent article of his is headed, "German Gullibility," but it is the British public that he attempts to gull. Consumed with anxiety on behalf of the foe, lest the result of the war should "mean some cruel dismemberment of the dear Fatherland," he considers "that fear, at any rate, it ought to be in our power to assuage." It is up to us, you see, to tell the Boches "we do not desire that she should lose anything that is really and rightly hers." She can have it all her own way, and may do as she likes whenever she likes: "As soon as she comes to her senses, she has only to retire within her proper frontiers." Such are the peace terms of William Archer—Germany is to lose nothing, and the Allies are to have no word to say when she cares gracefully to retire!

The best pal to "Tommy" and "Jack," a "John Bull" Pen.

Don't Forget.

One of our readers away across the foam in Winnipeg opines we shall be interested in the newspaper advertisement of one Yecny, the proprietor of some general stores in Esterhazy, Sask. "Don't forget," it runs, "I carry all you want in paint, wallpaper, hardware and furniture, and can interest you in staple groceries. Coffins always on hand." It all comes to this: when life's fitful dream is o'er, Yec. can fit you at his store. This is all we have to say about the distant Yec. at the cheap advertising rate of nothing.

Concerning Charlie.

Much discussion anent Charlie Chaplin has led to much confusion of thought and not a little romance. One journal describes his engagement to a 19 year-old girl, another says he has a wife and four children in England, while several others advocate a boycott of Chaplin pictures, because he does not come home to fight. To which we add our information, received from a source which we believe reliable, It is to the effect that Charlie, and all the British members of his company who are of military age, have attested before the British Vice-Consul. So, evidently, he is not quite so bad as he is—pictured.

"For Valour."

Our remarks regarding the sum of twopence a week, awarded to a soldier's widow by the Glasgow Branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, have brought an explanation. It is said that the fault rests with the London head office, which lays down the law that only rent above 17s. 4d. per month may be paid by a branch. If the rent in the case referred to by us was 18s., the award could be only 8d. a month. That is all very ingenious; but, if it is true, it only removes some of the blame from Glasgow to London. The insult of offering 2d. a week to a soldier's widow is still without apology.

A Proposed Memorial.

It seems a sad pity there should be disagreement in Burnley over a proposed tribute to a dead hero. The Mayor has suggested the erection in some public place of a tablet in memory of a gallant young lieutenant who gained the V.C. Many townsfolk wish to enlarge the scope of the memorial, so that it shall include the name of every Burnley lad who dies on the field of duty, especially as the lieutenant was not born in the town. Any dispute of the kind is deplorable, but the situation is a simple one, and surely capable of easy solution. Our suggestion, if we may offer it, is that the tablet should record the names of all Burnley's men who shed lustre on the Roll of Honour, and that the young lieutenant's name should head the list, because his heroism brought to Burnley its first V.C.

Echoes of the Past.

"No doubt," said Mr. Lloyd George the other day in the House of Commons when challenged about the treatment of conscientious objectors by the Tribunals, "questions have been put in some cases which are not strictly relevant or strictly wise, but what else can be expected?" The ass will have his thistles. Take a dialogue at Hackney. "Do you object to killing?" "Yes," was the answer. "Who killed Christ?" pursued the questioner. "The people," was the answer. "Was it not your co-religionists?" was the next demand by the gentleman with the long ears. "It was the people," repeated the applicant; "*I* didn't crucify Him." Really, even a member of a Conscription Tribunal cannot have it both ways. According to the Christian theology the crucifixion was fore-ordained, and was necessary for human salvation. Besides, the whole episode happened a long, long time ago; and this particular Jew, as he truthfully stated, had nothing whatever to do with it.

Family Beer.

From foolery to foolery the Liquor Control Board takes its antic way. It adds cruelty and wickedness to stupidity when it decides that the "family trade" in beer shall be stopped; it drives the home-dweller to the public-house, and it tears the bread from the mouth of the man who used to call for orders. People who have never entered a bar will be forced to frequent the bottle-and-jug department, the travellers who conducted this most decent trade must starve, and all to serve no sensible or useful purpose, but merely to feed the venom of the cranks.

Ground Sugar.

While we all go short of sugar and drink unsweetened—tea, and while we pay through the nose for the sugar we get, and have to buy a quarter-pound of tea before we are allowed a lump, it is cheering to learn that there is plenty and plenty of sugar lying around—literally waiting to be picked up. There are shiploads of it in the East India Docks, so much of it that it is going to rack and ruin by being trodden under foot. It is so damp and juicy, we are told, that it penetrates the men's boots when they walk over it. Well may the harassed housewife, hearing this, cry, "Oh——sugar!"

Note to the Admiralty.

At certain naval bases squads of young, able-bodied men are retained to coal trawlers and mine-sweepers, being paid a weekly wage, work or no work, and a commission per ton on top of it. Their tasks could readily be performed by the crews of the colliers, who ask only ninepence a ton, and would willingly work on Sundays, which the shore squads refuse to do. When Sabbath work is necessary the collier crews are employed, the climax of their complaint being, "At some ports they get the work—but not the pay." There is opportunity here to remedy an injustice, and at the same time to release men of military age for other duties.

Boys of England.

Our boys are thinking for themselves, and it is a good sign for the future that they should do so. From a country town a lad writes: "I am 16 years of age, and I stand 5 ft. 11 ins. And am doing nothing!" He is, really, doing something, being assistant in a shop, and there are four other big boys there. He does not think it right that they should be behind the counter from 8 to 8, and he wants the shop closed till 2 in the afternoon, so that they could each do half a day's farm work. "When I am 19 I want to be a man, not half a one!" is his plea, and a bit of rough work in the open air would be just the thing for him and other lads in country towns. His scheme may not be practicable, but he is a good boy.

His Reverence.

Knowing what we do about the ungentle Germhun and Austrihun, we shall be obliged if the North London police will shed a little more light on a rev. gentleman living in the house of a man charged a few days ago with failing to keep a register of aliens. The defendant explained that, as his reverence was dressed as a clergyman of the Church of England, he never suspected his being an Austrihun. On this report, the Magistrate turned to the policeman on the beat. "Is he interned now?" he asked. "No," responded the officer, "he has got exemption." When we hear of a Hun of any breed in the garb of the holy, we begin to suspect things. For instance, he may be nosing around for texts for a sermon, or peradventure visiting among the innocent but garrulous, with the benign aspect of a young curate, in the hope of being asked to afternoon tea, and ascertaining whether all the dear people at the munition works are converted. Wherefore, will the Home Secretary kindly request the police to consider his purport afresh?

For a good-class Home Journal try "Everywoman's."

Breeches.

An intelligent tailoress sends some interesting figures. Let her tell her own story:—"I got a job as finisher of breeches (khaki); pay at the rate of 7½d. a pair; was told if I was quick I could earn 25s. to 30s. a week. I started at 5 o'clock. I managed two pairs by 3.30 next day, amounting to the large sum of 1s. 3d. for a day's work. Other girls, working hard, had not earned more than 6s. for four days' work. I also heard that the Government paid 25s. a pair for these khaki breeches. I should think in all, from the cutter to machinist and then to finisher and presser, they don't cost them more than 3s. 6d. a pair." If we assume the girl's figures to be correct, it makes us wish father had brought us up to be an Army contractor.

Not "Dragged."

The saturnine Snowden went out of his way to agitate himself on behalf of "men suffering from effects of abdominal operation" who have been "dragged into the Army." One of these sufferers—probably the worst case in the Army—begs leave scornfully to resent this interference. On top of other troubles, he underwent three severe abdominal operations in 18 months—and enlisted one month after war was declared. He has worked like a horse, has been an army cook, and is now in the R.A.M.C., looking after the linen and utensils of 21 hospitals. He suffers occasionally, but will not "go sick" when ordered, preferring to thank God for the privilege of doing his bit. His only grievance is that he should be subjected to the patronage of Mr. Snowden. And that is enough to annoy anybody.

Guineas for Specials.

Golden times are in store for the Special Constables of Southend. Every man who has done duty for a full year or more will be handed one whole, complete guinea, without any deduction whatsoever, if he will march up to the Town Hall like a good boy and ask for it. Let us hope the gallant ones, when they get their golden goblin, will not waste its substance in riotous living, for it is meant to pay for the boots and coats and things they have worn out in the service of this benevolent borough. One of the Specials tells us he has bought leggings, boots, coat, cap, and badges, at a total cost of £5 11s. 8d. The change out of his glorious guinea he will invest in Exchequer Bonds. One thing we are pleased to note—the men will be permitted to retain their caps and badges as souvenirs. As our informant paid for his cap and badge, he is grateful; but he proposes also to retain his leggings, boots, and coat, likewise bought by himself. We are afraid he is greedy.

A Wanton Conviction.

Simply to state that Mr. Enoch Goodall, of St. Helens, was lately convicted of "neglecting" his daughter, a girl of 12, is to convey a wholly unfair impression. The child was suffering from enlarged tonsils, a fact discovered by the school Medical Officer and reported to the parents, with the suggestion that an operation should immediately be performed. The father then consulted a Liverpool doctor, who thought surgical treatment less urgent and advised alternative remedies, which seem to have been in a measure successful. However, for his refusal to consent to an operation, Mr. Goodall was summoned to the St. Helens Police Court, where he was fined 10s. and £1 1s. costs for "neglecting his daughter by failing to provide adequate medical treatment," a charge which, in the circumstances, was entirely baseless. The fact that two medical members of the St. Helens Bench were prepared to stake their professional reputation on the advisability of an operation, lent no warrant to the conviction of the father, who had fully discharged his legal obligations by procuring and acting upon the advice of a qualified medical man. Who, by the way, pays the fine?

The "O.B." for an M.A.

We learn without a flicker of satisfaction that Mr. Hermann G. Fiedler, M.A., has been appointed to the Chairmanship of Examiners in the Honour School of Modern Languages at the University of Oxford, for Trinity Term, 1916. About this appointment there are just two things to be said. In the first place, Mr. Hermann Fiedler, though a British subject by naturalisation, is a German by birth. In the second place, there are scores of natural-born British subjects eminently qualified to discharge the duties at present assigned to Mr. Fiedler. In these circumstances, we recommend that Professor for the Order of the Boot.

Wide Quotations at Rotherham.

What's the matter with the Rotherham Magistrates? Why are their quotations for infringing the lighting regulations so wide? Recently, a local man allowed his bathroom light to penetrate to the street through a frosted-glass window. He was fined a guinea and costs. His neighbour subsequently allowed the light to penetrate outside through the clear glass above his back door. He was fined 7s. 6d. Another defendant, called to answer a similar charge, was mulcted in only 2s. 6d. What do the Magistrates charge for a gleam of light penetrating through a policeman's key-hole? If people wish to be safe they ought to be careful, but in some places there is undoubtedly a great inequality of magisterial punishment for similar infringements of the Lighting Regulations.

The Only Way.

When the Army wished business men to submit sealed tenders for certain supplies, it promptly got its notice printed in blank and set its cleverest clerks to fill in the particulars—in red ink. The next thing was to put this notice, headed "Army Contracts—Sealed Tenders," before the world, so that business men might be lured into falling over each other in their eagerness to compete. The official way was the best way—to post that notice where all might see it, where he that ran might read. So they chose a hoarding in a *cul-de-sac*, turning out of Dalston Lane, leading to a rag-and-bone shop and a bottle factory. The hoarding was nearly bare, there was plenty of room "on the line," but they carefully pasted their notice about seven inches from the pavement. It was a splendid idea, for any merchant, looking for business and desiring to ascertain what is wanted, has only to go down on his hands and knees in a Dalston alley, and he will then, if lucky, find out.

The Parson and the Gloves.

The Rev. J. Henry Evans, Vicar of Coleford, asks us to explain that little matter of the boxing gloves, and the acceptance of his challenge by an Australian soldier. Mr. Evans has been very active in his parish in support of the war, working hard in addressing meetings, raising funds for Belgians and for local soldiers taken prisoner, and in many other ways has proved his whole-hearted wish to help in the defeat of the Germans. This has given offence to peace-at-any-price people and pro-Germans, and he has received a number of abusive and anonymous letters. It was to the writers of these letters that he addressed his challenge in his parish magazine, offering to put on the gloves with them if they would come into the open. To his surprise, his words were copied into some newspapers; and when the Australian soldier came forward he explained quite satisfactorily that his only desire was to "fight" people who write anonymous letters. The Vicar has also offered to work in the mine in place of any miner who may hesitate to enlist because of a widowed mother, and to give the wages to the dependent. It is, therefore, now announced that Mr. Evans leaves the Court without a stain on his character.

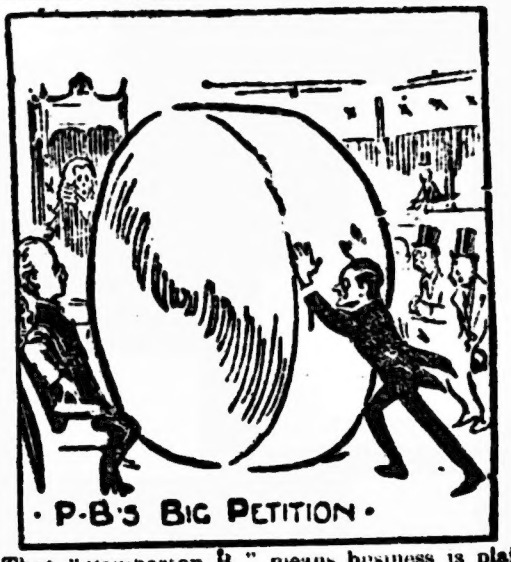
Don't invite Trouble but prepare for it. See page ii of cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The artist, it seems, has no wish to forget
Last March, with its wind, snow and wet;
"Bow-Wow," however, would deem it crime
To turn such a harrowing topic to rhyme.

Something must be most decidedly wrong
When Derby's defence is thus left to Long,
Who brushes the benedick's grievance aside
With a hint that somebody's probably lied!



That "Pemberton B." means business is plain,
A fact which causes hack members much pain;
The Cabinet, failing to muzzle and blind him,
Awakes to find that the country's behind him.

The vile agitators who poison the Clyde
May fancy sedition a matter for pride,
But if we'd our way, all such devilish spawn
Would suffer for hideous treason at dawn.

To hoodwink the foe and quieten our fears
They cart dummy guns about, it appears;
The Cabinet should of their job be relieved
If they fancy the enemy thus are deceived.

Learning that Asquith had booked it to Rome
The public were sad—he'll surely come home!
If Jericho were "Wait and See's" destination
His loss would hardly bereave the nation.

In the Cart.

In its modest way, Ashton-under-Lyne points out the path we all must tread if the Empire's sacrifices are not to be in vain. The Master Carriers' Association of Ashton and District has resolved in open meeting to refuse to cart Germhun-manufactured goods after the war—a solid, sensible, timely move. Next, please!

Bluggy.

Latest from the scene of peace is the report from Washington that if the United States "can clearly establish the guilt" of Germhuny for torpedoing the *Sussex*, the country will "demand the execution of the submarine commander, in the presence of American witnesses, as proof of Germhun sincerity." Oh, dear! oh, dear! When will these Swankees cease tickling us with a feather?

Up to the Nines.

Somebody at Apley Park, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, is in want of a footman, and has the consummate gall to advertise, "Family, 2; 18 indoor servants." If, in these days of economy, we were still lapped in luxury like that, we should at least try to keep the secret to ourselves. Two persons, mind you, with nine servants apiece—indoors; not to count the regiments outside.

"SINGLE."

This war don't cause me no alarm,
I lives in peace on father's farm;
No cares have I nor any wife,
But leads a quiet, happy life.
My brothers, five, all safe and free,
Lives on the farm wi' dad and me;
I rides around to watch 'em work
And see the lazy dogs don't shirk.

Our village barber, Thomas Cairns,
Just 'coz he has a lot of bairns
Is grousing now his group's called up—
He's took his spoon and now must sup—
Reckons as how his trade'll bust
And all his savings turn to dust!
Unpatriotic little swine!
His work ain't for the "War" like mine,
His wife'll draw a 'lowance, too,
Without a stroke of work to do.

These married men must shoulder arms
It's us young chaps what's best on farms,
Them lazy "fathers" loves to shirk—
I reckon fighting's old men's work.
Their day's nigh done—and so the law
Should send the oldest men to war.

BERNARD GILBERT.

You are offered £1,000 First Prize this week in "Bullets."

MUCH IS HAPPENING.

THE DYING DUCKS OF DOWNING STREET.—"QUACK, QUACK, QUACK."

By the Editor.

Last week I talked about the "downy doves" of Downing Street—and now I change the simile to the "dying ducks." Cooing has given place to quacking. Perhaps the Hyde election has had something to do with it. Then there is the trouble on the Clyde; and the friction in the working of the parliamentary machine. Altogether, Downing Street is in a condition of turmoil and confusion—and anything may happen, at any time. Indeed, much *is* happening to-day behind the scenes. Spring is in the air just as much in the political atmosphere as in the great world outside—the world that sees Great Britain in arms against a half-conquered foe. Things are moving: Downing Street sees trouble ahead and Whitehall is growing weary of trying to stave off the inevitable. Why is it that the ducks of Downing Street are so troubled? Why are they waddling about with a show of great doings? Whilst some hurry to Paris, another worries about the Clyde; whilst one goes to Rome another goes to——well, the Censor is very active just now, and I don't want to add to *his* worries. They know that the people, tired these many months past of weak decisions and indecisive action, are growing doubly impatient at the want of grit, absence of power and resolution in the conduct of affairs. Is death at hand?—that is the question the ducks of Downing Street are quacking out among themselves. They know that they are as dying ducks in the coming thunderstorm; they feel the hand of Fate closing in upon them. Some of them realise, if all do not, that while the nation is splendidly resolute for war, they still quack and quack in impotence, and waddle to and fro knowing not what to do. No decisions are taken—"I dare not" is allowed to wait upon "I would." No real and effective steps for the complete annihilation of the Germhun, on land and on sea, are carried into effect unless the spur of popular clamour, the rod of national indignation, is applied to these political birds, broody with long office, heavy and fat with official pay. They are dying the political death which comes of the want of the red blood of war. I repeat that much is happening, and although these ducks of Downing Street have more than once been on the point of their expiring quack and yet have gasped and struggled back to a semblance of vitality, I verily believe the clammy hand is now upon them, and that in a few short weeks we may see other ducks in office. May there be a few drakes—fighting Drakes—among them!

Another Warning.

I have mentioned Hyde. Just reflect for a moment what this election means. With an available electorate (that is to say, after allowing for all voters away at the front) of ten thousand, the combined political forces—with the aid of over twenty of the most experienced Election Agents, imported from all parts of the country—failed to rally to the poll more than 4,089 votes; whilst the Independent, non-Party candidate captured no fewer than 3,215. It requires little calculation to gather what would have happened had the Coalition vote been divided between two orthodox Party candidates. As I have observed before, there can be no question that, after the war, Business Government will hold the field. I do not for one moment suggest that we shall ever return to the old days of Parrot Programmes, but the Party hacks will die hard—they will make a desperate effort to restore the old order of things. There will, however, be no room then for clap-trap about "presenting a united front to the enemy," such as is used at present to frighten the conventional elector. Hyde, then, is another nail in the Party coffin—another writing on the wall foretelling the impending doom of Downing Street.

The Premier's Position.

Here, too, is another cause of the alarm. Mr. Asquith has pledged himself to oppose compulsory military service for married men—and compulsory service for married men (whether they will ever be wanted for the Front is another matter) looks like coming—hence the Premier's dilemma. I am, of course, aware that the political word of the professional politician is not necessarily his bond, and that in regard to parliamentary pledges there is a totally different code of honour from that which governs personal obligations. I remember, for instance, how in the old days of the Licensing Bill, Mr. Asquith and his friends, when the Lords were threatening to kick the measure out of their House, proclaimed their intention of going down to political destruction "with all flags flying"—but they dropped the Bill instead! I remember, too, that when the Bill was before the Commons we were told that the reconstitution of the Upper House was a reform which "brooked no delay"; and I seem to remember that my own last speech in the House took the form of an ironical apology for the Government for having decided to abandon that part of the Bill. Then there is the present chaotic condition of affairs in regard to those Attested Married Men pledges. Altogether, therefore, Mr. Asquith—who is super-sensitive about his personal *bona fides*—is having a bad time; and the ducks of Downing Street are quacking querulously around him. Do not be surprised, indeed, if another attack of that troublesome indisposition which so often attacks Ministers in times of acute political crisis should induce the Prime Minister, at an early date, to resign his portfolio. He might even decide to spend the evening of his life in the serener atmosphere of that much maligned, but still intact, Gilded Chamber. The Woolsack, for instance, is a very cosy seat to doze on. You see, too, that another thing which is worrying him is that "one bright spot"—*Mesopotamia*—upon which he enlarged when "explaining" away Gallipoli! It is bad luck—especially after the grave warnings uttered in our columns by Mr. Hales.

The Coming Conference.

Here, again, is a source of serious concern. Rumours of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's indisposition have recently been rife, and it was even hinted that he might shortly be found sitting on the less crowded Opposition Treasury Bench, where he could take things more quietly. Cynics said that these things are not wholly unconnected with the determination of the Government to exclude Fiscal Reform from the purview of the coming Trade Conference of the Allies. Certainly it is reported that since the decision to send Mr. Bonar Law as one of the British delegates, Mr. Chamberlain's health has improved. But Mr. Bonar Law is not the man to go to such a conference with a "Free Trade" gag in his mouth—and the charwoman who cleans out the rooms at Downing Street tells me she has picked up some illuminating little bits of memoranda after recent Cabinet councils.

Another cause for the collapse is the muddle over the Air Service. At the risk of being charged with an undue mixing of my metaphors, I will, for the moment, drop the doves and the ducks for the purpose of observing that Mr. Pemberton-Billing has undoubtedly "put the cat amongst the pigeons." There can be no question that there is much friction at the present time, not only between the Naval and Military Air authorities, but equally between the *personnel* of the respective bodies, and wholesale resignations may be expected. The present position of Sir Percy Scott, too, is becoming unbearable—whilst poor Mr. Balfour is almost distracted. Well, big developments are pending in this direction—and there is much quivering of the ducks' tails.

Mr. McKenna, too, has been having a rough time of it. However skilfully they may be coated with Cobdenite sugar, he is being forced to swallow various fiscal pills, and there is much alarm amongst the Free Trade ducks. The Nonconformist Conscience, too, has been strongly in evidence—with the result that the golden harvest which could have been gathered by means of Bonus Bonds has had to be temporarily abandoned, and the poor Chancellor of the Exchequer—with his limited financial horizon—is being compelled to dive once more into the stagnant duck-pond of conventional Revenue for his main sources of income, which means that both public and private enterprise will be seriously crippled during the next twelve months, and that the purse-strings of the middle classes will be strained to breaking-point. Knowing this, the ducks of Downing Street are becoming seriously indisposed, and are quacking furiously.

Labour Troubles.

This, undoubtedly, is one of the principal causes of the quacking. Although armed with plenary powers to deal with industrial strikes, no member of the Government has the pluck to tackle the strikers in the only effective way—and that is to place all munition workers under martial law, treating every one of them as a member of his Majesty's forces, and rendering every striker, shirker, slacker and drinker liable to arrest and court-martial, and, if necessary, punishment by death. Nothing short of this will meet the emergency; and no right-minded working-man will object to it. I claim to know the working-classes quite as well as do the so-called Labour "Leaders"—who, in fact, are little more than Followers. And I say, unhesitatingly, that with the soul of the people behind this war, all that is best and most worthy in the industrial community would back up the policy I have indicated. Every Trade Unionist who loves his country, and is anxious for her victory—every clean and honest workman—will commend the "removal" of the miscreant gang of ringleaders who have fomented trouble and encouraged treachery to that compact of patriotic service which the Clyde munition workers, as a whole, have honourably and faithfully kept in the Empire's crying need. If the men who have come out have any real grievances—the machinery for their treatment is already available. And the self-appointed "Workers' Committee" should *also* receive justice, according to their merits. If they cannot be shot for high treason, let them be sent to the trenches—and shot there. Then we could abolish half the ridiculous Defence of the Realm regulations; and, amongst other things, remove from the working-classes the stigma of drunkenness and lack of patriotism. But where is the Man—where is the Cromwell—in the present Government bold enough to grasp the nettle? Where are those Labour Leaders? Have they no power or influence over the men? Are they afraid of them? Haven't we had enough of this Clyde trouble? The storm has abated, but it will rise again unless the Cabinet show strength and decision. What I want to know is—*who is behind it all?* I decline to believe that it is spontaneous. Already, Mr. Lloyd George is hinting at being in a position to make some startling disclosures. In Heaven's name, let him do so, and do so at once. And let every man who strikes, and every man who encourages a strike, be arrested without warrant, and searched—and every document found upon him, or at his home, seized and examined. Do not let it be supposed, for a moment, that I underestimate the strength of Demos. He is a powerful and a brutal god, but, like the Beast of Revelation, he has many horns upon his head; and it is upon these abnormal excrescences that have developed the diseases with which we have to deal. *Off with them!* But that is a Man's job—something far too big for the dying ducks of Downing Street to tackle.

Be of Good Cheer.

The forces of disintegration are at work. If I thought this Government was the strongest and the only possible Government I would still use my voice and my pen in its support. But I am convinced that it is moribund—that they are dying ducks in Downing Street. I am certain that with the nation resolved for war and resolute for victory, nothing that can happen can make things worse, and much that is now likely to happen will make things better.

May is to see the great economic conference of the Allies, but there is another month which is to see the mighty push of the Allied forces. France is looking to us to give aid and comfort in the final endeavour. She wants all the men we can give her; she wants those big guns which foolish and wicked men are delaying on the Clyde; she wants us to be strong for the commercial fight which will follow the war; and she relies upon us to maintain our strength in every direction at all costs. Be of good cheer. Much is happening which may speedily change the face of our own political world, while it will alter the whole contour of the war country. There is no cause for despondency, even though the dying ducks of Downing Street quack out their last ridiculous cries.

SHALL THE CHILDREN CRY FOR BREAD?

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?—PROTECT OUR FOOD!

By A. G. Hales.

Pro patria is a watchword which seems to have no significance for a great number of our so-called public men; most of them appear too busy making money out of the war to spare time for their duties for duty's sake. There are others who seem to be too subtle of brain and too slack of enterprise to rise to the needs of the occasion. Last week the Editor permitted me to point out the way in which England could promptly be supplied with a hundred good fighting aëroplanes, and—thinking that the spirit of the great fighting statesman, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, might not have died and been buried with his body—the attention of one of his sons, the present Lord Mayor of Birmingham, was publicly called to the matter, and his practical assistance asked on behalf of the women and children of this country. In addition to the public call in John Bull, Mr. Neville Chamberlain was written to personally. He does not see his way to help, on grounds which are doubtless satisfactory to himself; whether the burghers of Birmingham will be satisfied also if another raid comes and find that city helpless, remains to be seen. But the matter is not to be dropped: I am going to ask the Editor of John Bull to organise meetings in the twenty large cities and towns referred to last week, with a view to forming a committee in each centre to take up penny subscriptions—and those aeroplanes will be built, because Britain needs them.

Why We Need Those Air Machines.

Germany is now making desperate and devilish war on our mercantile marine in order to starve, if possible, the British people, and soon we shall have aerial raids over every accessible city and town where foodstuffs are stored. The new raids from the air will be like the new raids at sea—on a bigger and more ruthless scale than any which preceded them. Citizen life will not count with the brutal enemy, unless it be to add a greater zest to the abominable task decided upon by the Huns. Murder, not warfare, is now their despicable motto by land and sea, and they will carry it on to the bitter end—whilst some of our Mayors raise academic opposition to private enterprise engaging in the work of self-defence. We need to protect every atom of food now stored in England. The enemy has already sunk something like seven hundred ships of various sizes since the war began, and each day adds to the tale of our losses. Most of the sunken vessels were engaged in carrying foodstuffs to these shores. This is no news to our enemy; Berlin has a perfect record of our and our Allies' maritime losses—and the Official Press Bureau has passed the information in driblets, in various forms, to our own press. The enemy now has an underwater fleet incomparably larger and more efficient, in spite of our captures, than at the beginning of war. Ships are being sunk at the rate of about thirty per month, and it is quite certain that, operating from Austrian and other bases, our foes intend to go far afield, and sink in mid-ocean the big vessels conveying food to these isles from all the great depots whence we have been accustomed to draw our supplies. They are now concentrating their energies upon Great Britain, and it is time Britons awoke to that fact—for a fact it is. Think what it will mean to this country if the war is prolonged and our foodstuffs continue to be sent to the bottom of the sea; then try to realise the importance of an aerial fleet capable of defending the food stored in this country. Aye, and think of an aerial fleet raised by John Bull, and piloted by Billing over the Kiel Canal, with aerial shells pounding and smashing into the German fleet and making that hiding-place untenable for the warships of the Huns. Think of such an aerial fleet driving the German warships out, and making them fight. They do not want to fight; their policy is to compel our fleet to scatter to protect the great trade routes between this country and the Argentine, whence comes so much of the beef we eat; to protect the route between here and Australia and New Zealand, whence we get so much of our mutton and wheat; to protect the route which links us with Canada, along which travel countless thousands of tons of flour, bacon, cheese, butter, and other eatables. That is the German policy; and when our fleet has scattered, they will come out and help their submarines in the work of destruction. We cannot hope to drive them out in the present state of our aerial navy; we have not enough aircraft now for home defence. Yet many of our building yards are idle. If a real live Man does not take hold of this question now, and put practical work into it—collect money and build aircraft—we are yet going to hear the children of this country crying to their mothers for food, and crying in vain.

Looming on the Horizon.

I am no pessimist; but I am not blind. I can see the awful staggering blunders our prominent public men have made, and are making—blunders which have again and again prevented us from being upon German territory. If I published a tithe of what is known to my Editor and myself I should soon be inside the walls of a gaol—not that I should be telling the Germans anything they do not know, but because I should be opening the eyes of the British public. A year ago John Bull demanded that *every* available acre of land in Britain should be put under crop of some kind, against just such an emergency as the present. Was it done? You know it was not. Now John Bull demands that this year—NOW—*every acre shall be planted with foodstuffs*. If the people ask for bread later on, will ye give them a stone? We are going to win this war; but why should the people be made to suffer unnecessarily? If there is no labour for ploughing and seeding, why not call upon the soldiers who are here for home defence? Do that, and the Germans would be driven to despair, for they would then know that the sinking of our food fleet was a useless effort. We have conscripted labour; now conscript the idle land. And, in the meantime, let us have an aerial fleet capable of protecting our granaries and our store-houses, and a few over to hover unceasingly over the Kiel Canal. We have had command of the seas so long that we found we owned the world, but we neglected the air. It is not often that a mere contributor appeals to his Editor through the columns of his paper, but I am out to help to win this war, and I say the nation looks to Horatio Bottomley for a lead in this matter. He is a "live man," and if *he* cannot get the pennies there is no one in England who can. I therefore ask him, in all sincerity and truth, on behalf of the crowds who write to me week by week, to put aside his other work, arduous as it is, and get in and do this thing for England's sake. I look upon it as the most vital need of the country at the present moment. Organise the meetings—thousands of speakers will rally to a call as national as this, let the committees collect the pennies, and let Pemberton-Billing see to the building and manning of this aerial navy. A hundred aircraft? By the God of Hosts, I think we will get five hundred and give the women and children bread—when the politicians offered them a stone!

THE KAISER'S HURRY.

HOW HE SAVED THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

By Frank C. Parsons.

A legend is current in England to the effect that, when the Kaiser had signed the declarations of war against Russia and France, he said to his War Council, "I think you'll be sorry for this, gentlemen"—as though in tender reproach for a pertinacity which had at last only too successfully overcome his pacific instincts. The legend is a curious survival of the tradition that the Kaiser was a friend of peace.

Nothing of the kind occurred. It was the Kaiser himself who bore down, by mingled cajolery and downright bullying, the scruples of the majority of the Imperial Council during those fateful ten days in July, 1914. It was the Kaiser who, above all, was for war, and war at once. It was the Kaiser who literally jumped at the chance presented by the Russian protest against the infamous Austrian ultimatum to Servia. He came hurrying back from his Scandinavian holiday determined on war. Regardless of the protest of his own civil and military placemen, regardless of the pacific language of his own ambassador in Petrograd, he deliberately insulted the Czar, and jumped in with a declaration of war against Russia just as Russia and Austria were on the eve of composing their differences. Five days elapsed before Austria, the ostensibly aggrieved party, was persuaded that her grievance was sufficiently grave for her to embark on war at the Kaiser's dictation.

Policy—Not Humanity.

I have said that the majority of the Imperial Council entertained "scruples" against war. There was, however, no peace party in Germany in the sense that we understand the words in long-suffering, happy-go-lucky England. Every member of the Council was a Militarist. The "scruples" to which I have referred were based neither on Pacivism nor on humanity, but on expediency. Some of the most astute statesmen and military chiefs in Germany wanted peace to continue for at least another six years.

But the Kaiser would not hear of any delay. He frankly recognised that his precipitate policy involved some risk; but he believed that the best interests of Germany and of his *Dynasty* would be served by facing those risks. Why?

A Race with Death.

Because the doctors had told him that (with luck) he had four more years to live; and he wanted the long-prophesied Greater Germany to be founded in his lifetime. He doubted the ability of his Heir-Apparent to realise the Pan-Germanic ideal. By stretching his mailed fist at once over Belgium, Poland, the Balkans, and Asia Minor he would secure, he thought, a prosperous future for an aggrandised Germany and also for his Dynasty before he shuffled off this mortal coil. All danger of a democratic revolution against his degenerate successor would be obviated in a Germany drunk with military glory and controlled by military genius. Such was his dream.

It came within an ace of fulfilment, largely because England, engrossed by her increasingly bitter domestic differences, was not merely unprepared for war, but was also largely disinclined for it. The Kaiser, who had closely followed our political controversies, had counted on that. The cruel invasion of Belgium opened, as if by magic, the eyes of our nation to the ulterior motives of Pan-Germanism. It rallied us, as nothing else could have done, to the policy of that immediate intervention which saved us, and saved civilised Europe, from the Hun.

In a sense, the cynical early dropping of the mask by Germany was the most fortunate thing that could have happened. The British people needed this shock. They did not realise then that, quite apart from the fate of Belgium, their duty and their interest was to stand by France at all costs, as her frontier is also our frontier against Prussian barbarism and Pan-Germanic aggression. Fortunately, our Navy was ready; but not until the history of the first few days of the war has been clearly written for our people will they understand how very nearly we were prevented from promptly landing our Expeditionary Force in France by the pressing need for men to defend our own insular integrity—how very nearly the Germans came to holding up Paris to ransom, and bleeding France as they have bled Belgium.

We are sometimes told that it was the Junkers who made this war. Don't believe it. On the whole, the country gentry in Germany (though it is not saying much for them) were less bellicose than the commercial, the military, and the official classes. It was not the Junkers who went roaring for war along Unter den Linden or before the palaces of vassal kings and princelings. It was the German people, the rank and file of the populace, who most keenly understood and shared the Kaiser's aspirations.

Before the die was cast very few expected that patient, humanitarian, cosmopolitan-minded England would join in so speedily. "England will come in three months hence," said the Kaiser; "but it will then be too late. We can deal with England in her turn."

A Bit Too Clever.

When it was realised that England was coming in—and coming in immediately—it was too late to draw back. The rage of the Kaiser and of the German people (the rage of over-reachers who have over-reached themselves) baffles description; but that rage was combined with the grim belief that Germany was quite strong enough to carry out her original programme. Nevertheless, a desperate attempt was made, at the instigation of the cautious, to buy off England at the last moment. The advance through Belgium could not be abandoned; but it was agreed that the Kaiser should make the extraordinary suggestion to England that she should "restrain" France while the German armies overran Poland. It was an attempt to sow discord between the Entente Powers; and it failed ignominiously.

The Kaiser now sees all his long-cherished plans crumbling to pieces; and no one curses his dream of a short cut to world dominion more than he himself does. A Greater Germany, stretching from the Straits of Dover to Bagdad, is not going to be founded within the next six, the next sixty, or the next six hundred years. Nor is the "residuary legatee of the Holy Roman Empire" going to be the residuary legatee of the British Empire.

What We Owe the Kaiser.

And yet, if the Kaiser could have afforded to wait, it might have been. I say "might," because the risk to us and to Russia and France would have been tremendous, if the Kaiser had not been so anxious to outstrip death.

Warten Sie bis es losgeht (Wait till the storm bursts) used to be the German cant phrase or sneer for the benefit of English acquaintances. I have heard it hundreds of times, and regarded it as a sort of a joke. But the Germans have not an ounce of humane fun in their temperament. They were in murderous earnest. Thank God, they did not "*warten*" quite long enough!

The Kaiser has saved the British Empire. The knowledge of it is gall and wormwood to him to-day. It will be gall and wormwood to him throughout eternity.

TOO LOVING BY HALF.

FORGIVENESS OF ENEMIES CARRIED TO EXTREMES.

The Third Report of the Emergency Committee for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress, an association for the relief of enemy subjects resident in Great Britain, is an interesting and in some respects an illuminating document. In the list of "those who have expressed sympathy and have given their names in support of the work," we find His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, inspired no doubt by motives of the purest Christian charity; Dr. John Clifford, the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane, and a few others whose solicitude for the welfare of enemy aliens we should less readily have suspected. In their somewhat thankless labours, the Committee are sustained by the "hope that gulfs will be bridged over and that those who are now at enmity will again be united in heart and in common endeavour"—a sentiment which seems not to be original, but to have been borrowed from the "Hiefsstelle für Auslander in Deutschland," a Berlin association with which cordial relations have already been established. In the whole of the Report there is not a line of patriotic tenor, or a syllable of adhesion to the Allied cause, and in these circumstances the repeated expressions of sympathy with distressed Germans and Austrians—the Turks, apparently, are left out in the cold—have a most unpleasant ring. The subscription list, totalling some £7,514 for a period of six months, repays careful perusal. As might have been anticipated, the cocoa magnates are well to the fore, with a contribution of £200 from Cadbury Bros., Limited, and from Mr. Barrow Cadbury no less a donation than £500. If those dividing "gulfs" are to be "bridged over" with gold, the House of Bournville is evidently ready to take a liberal hand at the job. Compared with these princely benefactions, the contributions of the Frys, with £35 among them, or of the Rowntrees, with about half this sum, are scarcely worth mentioning, except perhaps as an indication that, despite the shock of war, "cocoa" stands where it did. On the whole, we are disposed to regard the Report as a monument of misdirected charity. We have not yet heard of any German association with reciprocal objects, nor does it appear that the British Emergency Committee in their correspondence with Berlin have stipulated for a suitable *quid pro quo*. The oversight is regrettable, but in the circumstances we hold to our contention that distressed Germans and Austrians should be snugly interned.

A SOLDIER'S WILL.

SCOTTISH LAW AND AN OFFICIAL BLUNDER.

A private in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, who was unfortunately killed in action early last year, had made a Will upon the form supplied by the War Office, bequeathing the whole of his effects to the young woman to whom he was engaged. Upon the face of the matter, everything seemed to be in order, but having applied to the Army authorities for directions, the lady is now informed that, owing to a peculiarity of Scottish law, and the testator being a Scotsman, the Will is invalid and of no effect. "I am directed to acquaint you," writes the Assistant Financial Secretary to the War Office, "that according to Scottish law an informal Will must be wholly in the handwriting of the testator to constitute a valid Will. The document executed by the late soldier is partly in print, and is thereby invalidated." It would scarcely be inferred from this cool communication that "the document executed by the late soldier" was an official Will Form supplied to the testator, and presumably to other Scottish soldiers, for the express purpose of making their Wills. If this view is correct, an inexcusable blunder seems to have occurred, and it is to be hoped that before irreparable mischief is done adequate steps may be taken to retrieve the situation. It may be added that in England and Wales, and as far as we know in Scotland, a soldier or sailor upon active service is entitled to make a "nuncupative" or verbal Will, legal effect being given to any properly attested statement of his intentions in regard to the disposal of his effects, even though no written instrument can be traced. If the document in the possession of the War Office is not a legal Will, it contains a sufficient indication of the soldier's intentions to justify the authorities in disposing of his property according to his wishes.

CHOKED CHARITY.

WASTEFUL HOARDING OF PUBLIC FUNDS.

In these days of death and devastation the lesser tragedies of the past are but dimly remembered, but our readers may have some recollection of the terrible mining disaster at the Pretoria Pit, near Bolton, in 1910, in which 344 colliers lost their lives. Its immediate sequel was the establishment of the Hulton Colliery Explosion Fund, which grew by leaps and bounds until at the present day it stands at the huge total of £131,165, yielding a yearly interest of £4,552 from investment in various municipal stocks. Immense as this sum is, and ample for all requirements, we regret to learn that—owing partly, we fear, to faulty administration—the situation of some of the pensioners is a most unfortunate one, and especially is this true of the aged parents of colliers killed in the explosion, who draw from the Relief Fund a pittance of 5s. a week, with the recent addition of a war bonus of 2s. Similarly inadequate is the allowance made for the support of orphan children without mothers. In the case of the widows, the payments are upon a more liberal scale, but with war prices ruling their lot is by no means free from hardship, and they have a strong claim to more generous consideration than they have yet received. Upon this point a local journal has given a useful lead:

> It is generally conceded that the higher cost of living brings these sums down by 25 per cent. at once, and reasoning on the assumption that it was everybody's intention that they should be kept in comfort and not merely insured against privation, it seems reasonable to ask that the amounts paid out to these widows and other dependents should at once be raised by that amount so as to keep up the original rate.

No one will dispute the justice of this view, and although, as we have said, a war bonus of 2s. weekly has recently been granted, this measure of relief has already been outstripped by the general advance in the cost of living. With ample resources at the disposal of the Relief Fund Committee, there ought to be no occasion for the complaints we have received. The idle accumulation of charitable funds to no ostensible purpose, while the distresses which gave them birth go unrelieved, is an abuse of which we have had previous instances. It is a scandal that should be checked.

WASTE AND WANT.

PIGS PREFERRED AND PARENT PUNISHED.

"The object of the prosecution" might have been, as Lieutenant Heigh, Adjutant of the Cavalry Barracks, said at Norwich Police Court, when a woman named Corder was charged with stealing waste food, value sixpence, "to prevent people coming into the barracks and doing damage." Exactly in the same way, the object of a prosecution may be to prevent a man from picking pockets; but that is no reason why he should be convicted of manslaughtering his grandmother. Notwithstanding the infliction of a fine on the woman, the reporter of the case discloses no evidence of stealing against her. When arrested with the food in her bag, she said it had been given to her; "it is good food," she added, "and it will do for my children." At the Police Court she repeated the statement. "As the young fellows came from the barrack-room with their trays," she asserted, "they allowed me to take a piece or two before they emptied it into the swill-tub," and nobody contradicted her. How, then, by the law and justice of the case, could the Magistrates convict her and mulct her for stealing? If the Army authorities would rather feed the mouths of the pigs than the mouths of the poor with good human food, in order to cover the appalling waste which by all accounts is one of the processes of economy which the Government preach about from the most beautiful texts, why do not they go into Court and say so instead of preferring cruel, unfounded and unsupported charges of theft against those to whom the soldiers gave it? Technically, the soldiers may have no right to give away food wherewith they are too filled to eat; but that is a very different thing from stealing on the part of those who receive the charity, either in intent or in fact. In this case, assuming the correctness of the report, the Magistrates have committed a flagrant error of justice as well as law, and their decision is one of which they ought to be ashamed.

Praised wherever and whenever used, the "John Bull" Pen.

INSULTING THE SOLDIER AGAIN.

KENDAL CLERGY'S PRURIENT EPISTLE.

"A Solemn Warning to the Parents of Kendal" has lately, at night, been pushed through the letter-boxes of houses in that town. It is signed by "We, the Clergy and Ministers of Kendal," thirteen of whom have affixed their signatures to the document. It is couched in terms worthy of the Rev. F. B. Meyer, whose canting nasty-mindedness has become a byword throughout the land. It abounds in phrases which no clean-minded man or woman will read without nauseating disgust, and is offensive alike to the parents to whom it is addressed, the young girls it slanders, and the soldiers to whom it proffers insult. "It is by no means wise to allow young girls to go out for long periods night after night in the dark," it runs:

> You know perfectly well what will happen. They will meet young men somewhere in the Town and walk together to some lonely spot, and alone and unseen by anyone spend several hours every week.

We would much like to ask these thirteen "Clergy and Ministers of Kendal" if they were ever in their youth "guilty" of taking a girl for a country walk in the evening, and, if so, whether they or their female companions were much the worse for the expedition. But worse remains behind:

> Is it wholly safe for a young man and a young girl? We all know perfectly well that nine out of ten young people in such a case will find great temptations. The young man knows full well what the risks are. But the young girl does not, in hardly any case, realise where these things are likely to lead her. She is ignorant, both of the temptation that these unhindered lonely walks night after night might present to her male friend. She is ignorant that once she has lost something in her own body, which can never be regained, she will be different forever. She is ignorant that there are moments in her life when she is weak and may lend herself to sins that can hardly ever be atoned for.

Such is the tenor of the "Solemn Warning," which, it is needless to say, is directed primarily against the soldiers stationed in and around Kendal. True, the writers have the grace to admit that the "bulk of the soldiers who have come into this town have been conspicuous by their quiet and gentlemanly behaviour," but this admission does not compensate for the insult otherwise conveyed. Young men and maids have walked together at evening since the world was young, and are likely to continue to do so until the world is old. To suggest that such natural companionship must almost inevitably lead to immorality is cruel and unjustifiable. Like the "War Babies" scare, it is a figment of the minds of those who think evil.

MEAN MENACES.

DESPICABLE CONDUCT OF A COVENTRY FIRM.

Before he went to the war, a Monmouthshire miner bought a baby-carriage on the instalment plan; and because his wife, with five little ones to look after, has been unable to pay the last five shillings of the purchase-money, the Godiva Carriage Company, of Foleshill Road, Coventry, have been mean enough to try to frighten her into immediate payment by a letter, which says:—

> It will, of course, be a serious matter for your husband, as the military authorities will not take a lenient view of the matter, and it is very evident that further promotion for your husband will be greatly prejudiced.

Apart from its flagrant brutality, the letter is compact of malicious untruth. The good wife need have no fear. If any such report were made to the regimental authorities, no notice whatever would be taken of it, and the husband's prospects would not be prejudiced in the least. The War Office will pay no attention to a soldier's debt unless it amounts to £30, it being distinctly laid down by the Army Act that in respect of any lesser liability a soldier cannot even be made to appear in a Civil Court. In the present case, the Godiva Carriage Company are indulging in a cruel and impudent bluff, if indeed a stronger term ought not to be applied to such tactics. The threat to report the case to the Army authorities is a dirty dodge worth a good deal less than the paper it disfigures, while in other directions the good woman is protected by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act.

Regrets don't pay debts.

THE POOR OLD PENSIONER.

WHAT SIXPENCE A WEEK MEANS TO HIM.

He is an old man, it goes without saying, because he gets a pension of 5s. weekly for having toiled in poverty throughout his long span of life. He does not live in luxury; you cannot do it on the money. Nor does he live in a palace; he huddles himself into one very humble room and pays his landlord every week a rent of 1s. 6d. So he has 3s. 6d. a week left for food, clothes, insurance, savings, charity—and amusements. Yet on those terms he found life worth living—the fag-end of life, that is. He grumbled not, nor murmured, for he got his bite and sup and his bed—and kept his independence.

That was before his landlord came and told him that he must raise the rent. It is a way landlords have, whether your tenancy be in Belgravia or Bermondsey. This landlord wanted another sixpence a week from the poor old pensioner; only six pennies weekly, such a small sum, but oh, how great, when all you have to live on is 3s. 6d.! Now, the landlord pays only 5s. a week for the entire house, and 1s. 6d. paid for one room yields him a decent return. The old fellow pointed this out to his dun, pleaded the smallness of his "income," and asked for mercy. Why was such a demand made? Said the landlord, "The price of provisions has gone up!"

Just as though that poor old pensioner did not know it! He had felt the rise, starved more than ever because of the rise. "It's worse for me than for you," he urged, "but"—pluck and pride would out!—"I don't grumble!" Grumble? No! It was the war, and he suffered without a murmur because the country demanded it. But he kicked at suffering from a grasping landlord. "So," he writes us, "I must get out, and it's the workhouse, sure enough!" Poor, patient old chap. Heaven send that the workhouse be kind to him

A GRAVE SUGGESTION.

THE TRICKS OF A TROUBLED TRADESMAN.

Mr. H. Hodgson (late Scotcher and Son), is a busy tradesman, with shops at Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds, so that when his right-hand man was called up for military service, he was placed, to employ his own classic phraseology, "in a devil of a hole." His efforts to extricate himself from this unhappy position were forceful and free. He first wrote to the Colonel of the man's regiment stating the difficulties of his position, but the War Office declined to sanction the soldier's release. Balked in one direction, Mr. Hodgson broke out in another. He pestered the soldier with letters deploring his continued absence, although he must have known full well that only the call of military duty was keeping him away. In July of last year, Mr. Hodgson wrote:—

> I am about purchasing Scotcher's business at Bury St. Edmunds, and find it impossible to go on as we are. I must have help. Is it impossible for you to . . . come back? I have done my best keeping your place open so long, but more help I must have. Write me what you think about it.

There was only one thing to think. Negotiation having failed, Mr. Hodgson was contemplating "pressure." A few weeks later, however, he was back at his earlier tactics, this time with a suggestion of a most improper kind. He wrote:—

> The strain is beginning to tell on me, and I feel I cannot do it much longer. . . . I do wish you could work to get out. Cannot you go sick or something?

If this proposal meant anything, it meant that the soldier should feign illness in the interests of his employer, and we are glad to know that this suggestion was firmly resisted. At the end of last year, however, the man received his discharge from the War Office, and upon acquainting Mr. Hodgson of the fact, was favoured with the following letter:—

> On thinking the matter over, I do not think you will ever be the same after being away two years. I cannot help but feel, had you really wished, you might have got away some time ago, but you preferred your present life. Under the circumstances, I think it best you arrange to stay on as long as you can. I intend making other arrangements for next season.

We need add no comment. The letters speak for themselves, and constitute as damaging an indictment of the patriotism of Mr. Hodgson as any we could frame.

See page ii of cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Grey, M.P., Foreign Secretary.

Dear Sir Edward,—You say, and I unfeignedly believe, that "nothing whatever is known, either officially or unofficially" of the possibility of a separate peace with Turkey; but, in case anything of the kind should crop up, it might be as well to be prepared. The Sublime Porte must not be allowed to slip out of its present difficulties on anything like easy terms. I take it that you would at least stipulate for the surrender of the *Goeben*, and the free passage of Allied warships through the Dardanelles? The suggestion may be premature—but one never knows. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Minister of Munitions.

Dear Mr. Lloyd George,—If you have erred in the handling of the Clyde labour troubles, it has been in the direction of leniency. Your arraignment of the alleged Workers' Committee was nothing less than an impeachment for high treason, and I hope soon to learn that the ringleaders have been brought to trial upon the only charge that fits their conduct. In the circumstances disclosed, clemency would be a crime against the State and cruel injustice to our gallant fighting men. In the rigorous prosecution of the principal offenders you will have the support of every loyal element in the nation.

John Bull.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London.

My Lord,—I fear that the ancient mariner who has been entertaining you with his universal confidences on the subject of drink has been pulling your episcopal gaiters. Your preachment to an audience at a special Lenten service in London the other Sunday, was that you had met an old sea captain, who informed you that, though he had travelled to the ends of the earth and back again, he had never seen such sights as those he witnessed in London public-houses. He and his friends had been engaged in counting the women entering licensed premises in London—"the number was generally 800" an hour. I will not contemplate, my Lord, the devastating scene of an old sea-dog standing outside a public-house counting ladies who go in; it is almost as incredible as that he should stand inside doing nothing except count ladies who go out—each thus counting two on a division. In any case they may be as virtuous, and probably as sober, as the ancient mariner himself. Besides, as an interpreter of old sea-captains who count ladies seeking refreshment in public-houses and insinuate drunkenness and other things in regard to them, are not you a little suspect? I seem to recall that on one occasion your Lordship told a queer story of a midnight tramp through London, when you saw nothing except drunken men being turned out of public-houses. Subsequently, I believe, you admitted a slight exaggeration in the facts. Really, my Lord, you ought to know that the police of London are not all asleep, always.

John Bull.

To Captain Francis W. Forester, Bathwick.

Gallant Sir,—I learn that you have superseded the Agent for your Bathwick Estate. As your late Agent and his father before him managed the estate for 35 years, earning much estimation and popularity, I am interested in learning what offence has been committed, and I find that perhaps the war is to blame, in that it has lasted so long. Captain Farwell, your late Agent, is away with his regiment, having rejoined, it is said, with your full approval and consent; and now because "it is unlikely that he will be able to return for some considerable time, you have found you must make other arrangements." So out goes the Captain, serving his country like a man, and in comes a civilian. You, I suppose, are in the military way yourself, and you should be a sportsman, being Master of the Quorn. Therefore, it was up to you to do as other employers do, and at least keep your Agent's place for him—even if you cannot pay him full wages for the duration, etc. I hear your tenants are "greatly surprised." So am I. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. T. McKinnon Wood, M.P., Secretary for Scotland.

Dear Mr. Secretary,—One of the charms of the Ministry in which you hold your office is that, in dealing with Germhuns in this country, they do temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Ever since the beginning of the war the more or less illustrious Becker has been regarding the stars as Professor of Astronomy and chief of the Observatory, at Glasgow University; and all the while he has been as comfy as comfy could be. Now I hear that, at your desire, he has left Glasgow and withdrawn from his activities as a star-gazer; whither he has gone few there be that knoweth. I will not endeavour to pierce the veil of this mystery of the heavens and the earth by asking what the gentleman has done to elicit your distinguished attention at this late hour; that would be the unkindest cut of all. I will only express the hope that his meditations at the end of a telescopic eye-piece have not in any degree disturbed, to the detriment of the Scotch, the movements of the stars which fought against Sisera, and that he retires from his studies with a name unsullied and an eye undimmed. Be good enough to express to the Senate of the University my deepest sympathies at the sudden loss of so great an ornament to its *kultur*. John Bull.

To Sir William Pollard Byles, M.P.

Bilious Sir,—Your speech in the attested married men debate would be disgraceful if made by any other man. In your case it is only ridiculous. But I hope your constituents, who include many gallant men with the Colours, will note your laudation of Ireland, because it has escaped the Military Service Act, as "the land of the free." I repudiate your insulting and jaundiced view of my fellow-countrymen. "You will find English emigrants," you say, "going over to Ireland in large numbers to escape military service, taking their capital with them, and developing the rich resources of that fertile land." You and men of your kidney may make the trip; but no true Englishman, as I understand the description, will be found on the boat with you. For shame!

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., President of the Local Government Board.

Dear Mr. Long,—When may I hope for an intelligible statement of the Government's intentions in the matter of financial relief for the attested married man? If your recent speech is to be seriously regarded, it seems that you have not yet grasped the elements of the problem. What is wanted is not a scheme of charity, however speciously disguised, but a universal system of relief from the most pressing legal obligations. Cheap and nasty expedients of the kind you now contemplate are an insult to the patriotism of the nation. Think it over, and let us have an amended scheme.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, M.P.

Dear Sir Edward,—I am glad to know that you have made a good recovery and are once more in working trim. It is not for me to suggest how best you may serve the nation at this crisis, but as a Parliamentary critic you have few equals, and the Government will be none the worse for a little formal "Opposition." In any case, I hope that for the remainder of the war your attention may be mainly devoted to public affairs. If the briefs roll in too fast, hand some of them over to Sir John Simon. He never will be missed.

John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Cluer, Shoreditch County Court.

Your Honour,—The other day a crying child disturbed the decorum of your Court. "Don't take the little chap outside in the cold," you said, "let him come to his mother." And so the child was allowed to sit up on the front of the witness-box while the mother gave her evidence. I doubt if there was any precedent for this arrangement, but the little incident spoke well for your kindness of heart, and I am inclined to think that if I had the appointment of a County Court Judge for Shoreditch, you are the kind of man I should choose. It is one of those rare examples in County Court Justiciary of the right man in the right place.

John Bull.

Look out for "Limericks" in "Everywoman's."

IN THE TOILS.

THE LATEST LAOCOÖN.

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK & KHAKI Styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

6½d. each.

Sold Everywhere.

Ask For EXCELDA Soft Collars & Fronts

BE SURE you get EXCELDA See name on each handkerchief.

STEELE'S AD. SERV

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

A HOOLIGAN AT THE WHEEL.

GUILTY OF KILLING, BUT MERELY FINED.

The value of a child's life—a boy of five—is £25 in Perth, to judge by the sentence passed by the Magistrate there. John Ralston Crawford, son of the Rev. Thomas Crawford, of Orchill, Ardoch, was charged before the Sheriff and jury "that he drove a motor-car at excessive rate of speed, and drove it against Alfred Middleham, aged five years, knocked him down and killed him." A constable thought the car's speed was 25 miles an hour, and swore that "if the vehicle had been driven at a moderate speed it could have been drawn up in time to prevent an accident." An insurance agent put the pace at "exceeding 20 miles an hour." Other evidence was that the speed was not reduced, although the children were in sight. For the defence, the Rev. Mr. Crawford "did not think the car could have exceeded 14 miles an hour." The chauffeur said the speedometer registered very little over 10 miles an hour just before the accident, and the defendant's mother reckoned the rate as between 12 and 14 miles an hour. The jury returned a verdict unanimously finding the accused guilty, but recommended him to leniency on account of his youth. There is no doubt the Court listened to that recommendation, listened with both ears, for Sheriff Sym imposed a fine of £25. The penalty was shamefully, totally, inadequate. A taxi-driver would probably have been committed to gaol without the option of paying a fine.

MORE FROM THE TRIBUNALS.

SOME OUTSTANDING CASES.

The work of the Tribunals is still interesting our readers, who are kind enough to forward us many reports, more than we can deal with in our pages. But we must spare a line for the hero at Chester, an estate agent, who owned that he would "endeavour to put himself in the way" of a man who might be murdering or outraging his wife. When asked if he would assist if the Germans landed, a member of the Tribunal answered for him: "Not he! he wants to save his skin, as JOHN BULL says." We must say we are glad that the man's application was dismissed. Compare a craven creature of that kind with the example of a member of the Tribunal at Leven, when a father asked for the exemption of his two sons: "I have given one son," said this other father, Mr. Cumming, "and I tell you I would rather see him lying, as he is, dead on Hill 70, than have him alive and be a conscientious objector!" Huddersfield produced a Socialist whose friends created disorder and interrupted. The Socialist said he had no country, might not be worse off in Germany than he is here, and that he is an atheist—with a conscience. He was granted temporary exemption, and declared he would appeal. Whereupon the Mayor retorted, "That is just what we want you to do." And on that dark, cryptic saying we prefer to close.

A SAVAGE SENTENCE.

EIGHT WEEKS FOR SIX SHILLINGS.

When William Tracey, a machinist in the service of the Birmingham Metal and Munitions Company, was charged at the Birmingham Police Court with a fraud upon his employers, the Magistrates chose to regard the proceedings as a sort of "test case," and sentenced the defendant to two months' hard labour—not so much because he deserved it, as *pour encourager les autres*. It had all happened in this way. Leaving work at half-past eight one evening, Tracey had not handed in his check until seven o'clock the next morning, the inference being that he had worked all night, when most likely he had been snug between the sheets. It might, of course, have been mere forgetfulness, but this suggestion was weakened by the fact that at the end of the week the man had put in a note for 63 hours' wages—whereas, in point of fact, he had worked only 54 hours. Tracey's only excuse was that he had been "worried." It is not so very long since he recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, which nearly cost him his life. In the meantime, he has suffered a good deal from the results of an accident at the works, while the illness of his wife and the loss of a brother at the Front have added mental distress to the strain of physical weakness. We assume that these facts were within the knowledge of the Birmingham Bench, and it is not unlikely that but for such humane considerations they might have sent the defendant to gaol for an even longer period, or perhaps committed him to the Sessions on the chance of penal servitude. It was a little unfortunate, however, that the man was without legal assistance at the police court.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EXPRESS AND ECHO" (Exeter):—

"The fall of rain during February in Exeter amounted to 5.39 inches. During the same month 80 hours 58 mins. of sunshine were recorded, being an average of 2 hours 42 mins. per day. THE CHIEF TRADESMEN OF THE DISTRICT ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS GRATIFYING RESULT."

"'UNION JACK' LIBRARY":—

"She beheld a tall, lean-vizaged FACE, with keen yet kindly eyes, STANDING UPON THE THRESHOLD OF THE ROOM."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—

"A new and amusing story of Lord Kitchener is told by Lady —— '. . . On his way home from the Indian command he took in Australia, and Admiral and Lady —— HAD HIM FOR DINNER.'"

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—

"Apartments for working men and working girls, etc.; JOIN BEDROOMS."

"DOGS' WEEKLY":—

"Besides working overtime EIGHT DAYS A WEEK AND SUNDAY, Mr. —— has found spare time to do several good deals in his hobby."

"Good Company"

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
But he's merrier still since he
Discarded the pipe and the flowing bowl,
And smokes instead a little white roll
Called Chairman Juniors—real top hole;
And always takes his morning stroll
In Jolly Good Company.

There are no finer cigarettes at a popular price than Chairman Juniors. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold at 3d. for 10. In quality of tobacco, care in their making, and in all those properties which make a cigarette enjoyable, they represent the best that is possible at the price. There are no coupons or pictures with them—all the value is in the cigarettes. They are sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

One of the great TOOTAL Lines

INSTEAD of ordinary plain handkerchiefs get Pyramids with their tasteful exclusive designs and nice soft fabric that come back and back from the laundry as good as new. Khaki Pyramids are always acceptable to the Boys at the Front.

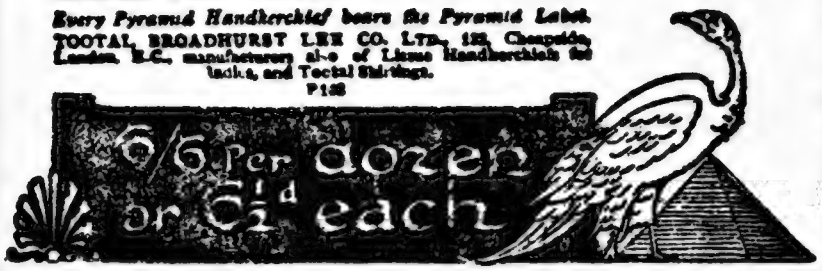
At 6½d. each Pyramids are unrivalled value for money—whether you buy All White (with or without embroidered initial), All Khaki, or Indelible Color Borders.

Every Pyramid Handkerchief bears the Pyramid Label.

TOOTAL, BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD., 123, Cheapside, London, E.C., manufacturers also of Linen Handkerchiefs for ladies, and Tootal Shirtings.

P128

This is the bird that from the earliest times was recognised as a power of good in Egypt—the land of the Pyramids.



Such visions fair you only see
When smoking pipes of B.D.V.

B.D.V. LATAKIA MIXTURE

The new and distinctive Tobacco

6D. per Oz.

Ask for B.D.V. BLUE LABEL.

Green Label B.D.V. Mild. Not a mixture, 6d. per oz.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON.

Warning against Substitution.

BOVRIL LIMITED

a.

BODEGA COMPANY LIMITED.

IN the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, on 27th March, 1916, Mr. Justice Eve granted Bovril Limited an Injunction, with costs, against the Bodega Company, Limited, restraining them from passing off as Bovril, or in response to orders for Bovril, any other meat preparation.

In giving judgment Mr. Justice Eve said:

> . . . . I find as a fact that for a period extending from the 9th February to the 1st March inclusive, the Defendants' servants have, in response to orders for Bovril, and, as I hold, well knowing and fully appreciating that Bovril was the subject matter of the orders, systematically supplied Oxo in its place; and I think it would be very regrettable if, on that finding of fact, it were not competent for the Court, and in accordance with the practice of the Court, to give the Plaintiffs the relief which they are undoubtedly entitled to . . . . . I think if ever there was a case in which an Injunction ought to be granted, this is it, and I grant the appropriate Injunction, and order the Defendants to pay the costs of the Plaintiffs."

Proceedings will be taken by Bovril Limited against any person selling or supplying as "Bovril" any preparation other than the well-known Concentrated Beef Product manufactured and sold by Bovril Limited under that name.

E.H.B

THE NEW ECONOMY.

FOLLOWING THE GREAT PATRIOTIC LEAD.

"The usual, sir?" said Tomkins. Tomkins is my tobacconist.

"No, Tomkins," I replied, sternly; "not the usual. The time for the usual, Tomkins, has vanished. There's a war on, Tomkins. We've got to economise."

"Yes, sir?"

"Yes, Tomkins," I said, "the time for sacrifice has come. We have got to commence giving things up, Tomkins. All the luxuries, all the things we've coddled ourselves with in the past, they've got to go, Tomkins."

"It brings the war near, sir," said Tomkins.

"It brings the war very near, Tomkins," said I. "If we can't go into the Army and give up the ghost, Tomkins, we've got to give up living extravagantly, Tomkins."

"Better give up luxuries than the ghost, sir," said Tomkins.

"Thank you, Tomkins," I said.

"Don't mention it, sir," said Tomkins.

"And so we've all got to begin, Tomkins, and at once," I said.

"Yes, sir," said Tomkins, agreeably.

"Do you know the members of Government, Tomkins?" I inquired.

"Not to speak to, sir," said Tomkins.

"Well, they're the boys who've commenced it," I informed him. "They're the example. Right at the top, you see. That's the great example, Tomkins."

"They're giving up something, sir, are they?" asked Tomkins.

"They are indeed, Tomkins," I said. I dug him in the waistcoat, impressively. "And what do you think they are giving up, Tomkins?" I said.

"Is it a great sacrifice, sir?" he asked.

"A very great sacrifice," I assured him.

"It isn't—it isn't talking, sir, is it?" he ventured.

"Ah, no, Tomkins," I said; "not that. That would be a little too much all at once. No, no, Tomkins, it isn't talking."

"What then, sir?" said he.

"You've got a good heart?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I think I could stand a shock."

"Part of their salaries, Tomkins," I whispered to him.

He gasped.

"*No, sir!*" he said.

"And so, Tomkins," I said, "we've all got to give up something, too. We can't hope to do as well as the Cabinet but we can all do something. You said 'the usual' supply of tobacco, Tomkins? I will begin on my tobacco."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Tomkins. "What will it be now then, sir?"

"Let us follow the great example in everything, Tomkins," I said. "We shall know then that we are right. They took only three parts of their salaries in money, Tomkins. The fourth part they gave up by taking it in War Loan stock. I will take but three parts of my usual supply of tobacco, Tomkins. You can give me the fourth part in cigarettes."

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

WILLIAM CLOUGH. M.P.

Not this side, please! . . . Jeer wot I say? Push orf. 'Op it. . . . *'Oo am I torkin' to?* Oh, I know 'oo I'm torkin' to right enuff, so I awsk yer to mizzle. *Insist on 'avin' a n'air cut*, do yer? Well, you insist outside, if yer don't mind. I'm expectin' a customer any minnit, and I want the place clean w'en 'e comes. . . . *Am I aware you're a Hem Pee?* Think I've forgot cher? Not me! W'y you're the lowly Christian wot raised 'is 'and to a woman durin' election time in 1910. . . . I didn't say you 'it 'er. I sed you raised yore 'and to 'er. . . . *Libel?* Rot! You can raise yore 'and to a 'bus, cawncher? But it ain't considered cowardly. . . . *Carn't git out of it like thet?* I don't wanter git out of it. I wan' *chew* ter git out of it, before I loses control of meself an' sees somethink I might be sorry for arfterwards. . . . You shoved a woman in the chest with yore fist in the 'eat of passion. You acted like a bloomin' 'Un. Didn' cher say arfterwards you'd "shown yoreself a unworthy disciple of the meek an' lowly Christ"? *I* ain't fergot. . . . *Not fair to rake up the parst?* Don't tork foolish. You've raked it up yerself. Wot erbout abusin' Lord Derby the other day at Skipton? Didn' chew call 'im a *haristocratic* assassin? . . . You did, I tell yer! W'y, even yore Chairman, Alderman Fletcher, 'ad ter tell you orf. You sed Lord Derby 'ad strutted an' swaggered on to the stage to take charge of recrootin'. You sed volunteer recrootin' 'ad bin mortally stabbed in the back by 'im. Simply becos the young shirkers wot chew an' yore sort 'ave incouraged to 'ang back 'aven't come forward, an' the Guv'ment 'as 'ad to introjooce Conscription to make 'em do their jooty, you sed Lord Derby was a *haristocratic* assassin. I tell you wot *chew* are—you're a dirty, psalm-smitin', Bible-punchin' 'yper-critical tyke an' 'umbug, wot oughter be sent to Germany to sweep the streets for the Boches. . . . You're mixed up with the No-Conscription Fellership, the Union of Democratic Control, the Let Us Kiss Our Brother Boche crowd, aren't cher? You sit in the 'Ouse o' Commons an' draw four 'undred a yer fur makin' a fool of yerself, an' bigger fools of yer constitchewants. . . . 'Ere, 'ands orf—I ain't a woman fur you to shove about. . . . If yer don't like wot the Guv'ment's done about Conscription, w'y doncher resign like a man, instead o' still grabbin' the people's oof an' doin' nuthink for it? Offer yerself fur re-election if yer like, an' you'll soon see wot the Skiptonians think of yer. They'll be on'y too glad of the chawnce. They're fed up with yer, stickin' to them like a bloomin' sanctimonious limpet. . . . Now you kin go. Don'chew never come 'ere no more. I might turn up crusty if you do, an' tell you a few 'ome trooths, wot I 'aven't time to now. 'Op it! Don't stand splutterin' there. I've jest swep' up. . . . Thank 'aven! 'Phew! Nuthink like a little friendly conversation fur warmin' a chap up this cold weather. 'Arf a tankard wouldn't be a bad idea. . . .

THE GOVERNMENT SAYS "DON'T!" LADIES MUST LISTEN!

The Government Committee on War Economy says "Don't be ashamed of wearing old clothes in war time."

This advice is negative and theoretical.

Who will make it positive and practical?

Extravagance is not good form. Economy to-day is a national claim. The problem is how to meet it, and at the same time to maintain a respectable appearance.

There is no need to wear shabby clothes to save money. That is a policy of despair.

The policy of courage and true economy is to have your clothes restored and repaired before they have "gone too far"—and consult those who can assist you in doing this.

LADIES' FROCKS and costumes should be sent to Eastman's to be dry-cleaned, restored and repaired.

SILK DRESSES and blouses dyed by Eastman's dry process are the nearest approach to new yet offered and at one-tenth the cost.

KID GLOVES are very dear and will be more so. Eastman's clean and repair them and put in new gussets and forceps.

CORSETS clean and repair well, and a complete restoration is made at small cost.

MEN'S SUITS should be dry-cleaned, pressed and repaired. A cheaper method is to have them steamed and pressed and the spots removed.

We add one more "Don't" to the official list—Don't neglect the assistance of the Dyeing and Cleaning trade—represented at its best by Eastman and Son (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd. the London Dyers and Cleaners, Acton Vale, London, W. Branches in all residential districts and in every suburb of London. [Advt.

8 pictures of cinema stars 1/- POST PAID

These are fine full size prints about 8 by 10 inches, suitable for framing. The stars are Alma Taylor, Jack Hobbs, Carlyle Blackwell, Edward Sorna, Violet Hopson and three others. Address: Newport Publicity, 2, Norman Rd., W.

OLD BUSHMILLS WHISKY

PLEASES THE MOST CRITICAL.

The "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd. 21 North Lane, E.C.

This Restful Chair

Adjustable to Three Positions.

Only 27/6 *Carriage paid anywhere in England.*

This handsome Chair is beautifully upholstered in soft Corduroy Velvet (in Art Shades of Red, Blue, Green, Grey, and Buff), and is thoroughly well made with comfortable spring seat, loose cushion back and strong frame of solid oak (dark or fumed), very durable in wear.

Size over arms	...	**22½ ins.**
Height to edge of seat		**16 „**
Depth of seat	... ...	**22 „**

Adjustment is simplicity itself—just a light rod to move, that's all.

Just the Chair in which a tired person can relax and take things easy after the rush and strain of a busy day.

Art Catalogue, with beautiful coloured plates, sent post free if JOHN BULL is mentioned.

WOLFE & HOLLANDER, Ltd.

General House Furnishers,

252-256, Tottenham Court Road (Oxford Street end), London, W.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Treatment

THIS famous surgeon of Leeds, Yorks, during 40 years' research and experience in large skin practice, made a discovery of inestimable value for the treatment of the skin; this property Dr. Pogson incorporated in preparations for the cure of all skin affections, and proved his treatment to be the most effectual that medical research has ever produced.

For the smallest eruption and the most serious skin troubles, these preparations will be found the safest and quickest cure in the world, and when tried will very soon produce wonderful results. The Pogson property has a beautifying effect on the healthy skin, and the constant use of the soap ensures a clear and fragrant complexion.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap for perfect Skin Beauty, 1s.

Sold at all branches Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Boots' Cash Chemists; also leading Chemists, or direct from Pogson, Halton, Leeds.

Are you troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book, "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention, and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL. .....

The BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Ltd.

Coventry House, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

Officially investigated and approved by 'JOHN BULL.'

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We trust there is truth in the rumour that the Government are about to take over the administration of the Prince of Wales' Fund, the working of which has all along, in our view been a disgrace. The majority of those who contributed to the fund meant their money to be mainly devoted to the alleviation of distress among the dependents of our soldiers and sailors; but our experience is that these are the very people who are either turned empty away or granted miserably inadequate sums.

A soldier had to lay down his rifle owing to shattered health, and was sent home to his wife and three children, all the money in his possession being half-a-crown. He is unable to work, or even to leave the house, and in order to provide fire and food his wife was compelled to pawn all their realisable belongings. When she had parted with her bed-clothing she was advised to approach us, and we gave her help.

When a soldier loses a leg or an arm in action he is entitled to an artificial limb. One chap who was minus his leg got a notification that a grateful country had decided to provide him with a wooden substitute, but it was added that he would have to pay his own fare to London, distant over eighty miles. He approached one of the Funds, and was offered a loan of the price of the ticket, but as he has no income other than a miserably inadequate pension the loan would have crippled him. He wrote to us, and is now happy.

A naval man became invalided owing to the hardships he encountered in the North Sea while guarding the Empire last winter. He cannot work, owing to a very serious disorder, and his family consists of a wife and three children. We saw to it that Jack's necessity was relieved.

A soldier was placed on guard over an important water supply. Like so many more men on kindred duties, he was compelled to live in a "guard room" which a gentleman would not house his dog in, and sleep in wet blankets—with disastrous results. He is now a civilian, crippled with rheumatism, having been sent from the Army without his back pay and allowances. He was eminently a war sufferer, so we did the needful for him.

As we anticipated, the calling up of the Derby Groups has already thrown an extra strain upon our Fund. A good proportion of the men enlisted are only sons—too often of widows, though Mr. Asquith emphatically stated that such men would not be called upon to serve. We have practical reason to know that much distress prevails among their families, and have done our best in each case brought to our notice.

A naval stoker who was recently invalided out of the Service with a microscopic pension, is now at home watching the privations of his wife and four children—a distressing task which, he tells us, is worse than the most terrible experiences he encountered during the winter months in the waters between England and Germany. We afforded monetary aid, and also assisted his convalescence by setting his mind to some extent at rest.

The wife of a man in the trenches lost her little child the other day, and had no money with which to bury it. She approached the authorities of the multi-million public fund which was founded to relieve distress, and was offered a loan of the burial fees. Having regard to her small separation allowance, the refund of the amount would have stinted her for a long period. When she placed her case before us, she found that our relief does not take the form of a loan, but is a free gift from our generous subscribers.

A mother gave two sons to the country, and they went to the front. One of them, unfortunately, soon fell in the firing line, his weekly allotment—upon which the poor woman mainly depended for her existence—being stopped according to Regulations. She got into arrears with her rent and was threatened with eviction, besides being under a burden of small debts. We promptly sent assistance.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

G. A. L. (Mount Ngwibi), £1; Mrs. M. C. B., £5; B. B. (St. Ives), £1 1s.; "Patriot," 5s.; A. L., 1s; "A Desperate," 1s. 6d.; S. C., 1s.; "Emma," 2s; "Farmer's Wife," 5s.; R. G., 6d.; Cpl. A. F., 1s; A. U., 6d.; E. E., 2s. 6d.; T. G., 6d.; Pte. M., 6d; D. M., 2s.; A. H., 5s.; W. S. C., £1; "Busy Graham," 2s. 1d.; B. H. W. W., 1s.; H. P. (Hoxton), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. E., 1s.; G. B., 2s. 6d.; A. D., 3s. 6d.; A. G., £1; E. McN., 1s.; "Widow," 2s.; Mrs. M. M., 2s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "Sinner," 1s.; J. M. S., 1s. 1d.; A. R., 1s.; T. S. L., £2 4s.; Mrs. M. R., 2s. 6d.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s.; "A Policeman," 4s.; "Oxonian," 9d.; Troops S. (per F. 6.), 10s.; "Ceylon Planters' One Day Pay Fund," £2; T. C., 25 cents; Anon., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; T. A. P., 6d.; G. D., 1s.; J. F., 1s.; W. K., 1s.; J. C., 1s.; A. E., 6d.; G. F. M., 6d.; G. E., 7s. 8d.; "Ivy," 1s.; Mrs. R. E. O., 3s.; H. N., 3s. 6d.; F. W., 5s.; A. J. B., 3s.; W. J. R., 6s. 4d.; "Master, Officers, Engineers and Crew, s.s. *Zambesi*," (per R. S.), £4 1s. 6d.; "A Regular Reader," 2s.; M. H. C., 1s.; Mrs. M. M., 1s.; "Chopex," 2s.; Mrs. A. V., 1s.; "Draughtsman" (Woolwich), 1s.; N. E. A., 5s.; E. T. B., 5s.; "A Lenten Offering," 1s.; "A Kendalion," 2s. 6d.; "Five of Hearts," 2s.; "Willingly," 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt from Captain Trapman, of H.M.T. *Saronia*, of the handsome sum of £17 6s. 6d., being moiety of amount realised by sale by auction of first issue of the ship's magazine—*The Saronia*—the other half being forwarded to the Fund for the Distressed Families of Officers. The first copy printed, certified by the Editor and autographed by Colonel Edwards, fetched no less than £3 10s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. J. Gomm, "Bedford Arms," Blandford Street, Marylebone, 2s. 7d.; Mr. J. Jacobs, "The Crown," Holloway Road, 5s. 6d.; Mr. A. C. Trout, 3, Highgate Hill, 4s. 10d.; Mrs. L. M. Shaw, Bazaar Tavern, 10, King Street, Portman Square, 2s. 7d.; Mr. E. J. Oliver, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Road, Walworth, 2s. 9d.; Mr. W. F. Lygo, "Cock and Bottle," 13, China Walk, Lambeth Road, 5s. 6d.; Mr. G. Hughes, "Brownlow Arms," Betterton Street, 3s. 10½d.

CHESHAM.—Miss Andrewe, Waterside Laundry, 12s.

LEEDS.—Mr. H. Hall, Hairdresser, Kirkgate, 9s. 4d.

MARSEILLES.—Mr. Arthur Gordon, 6, Rue de la Tour, £1.

HEADACHES—BILIOUSNESS—CONSTIPATION

INDIGESTION

AND OTHER

STOMACH & LIVER TROUBLES

Yield to the Gentle Action of

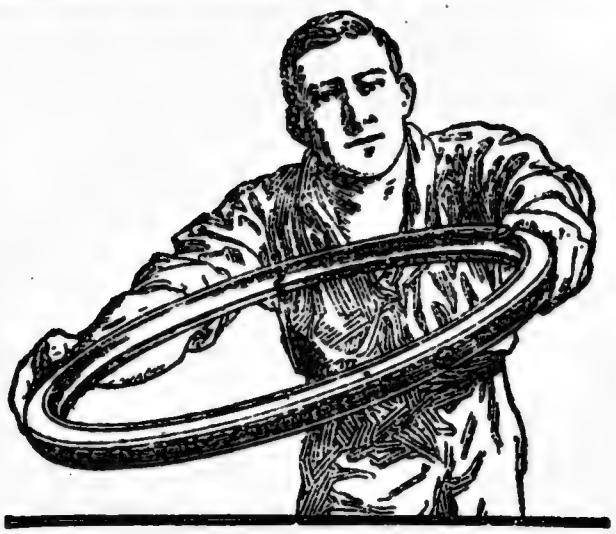
The troubles which may arise from a disordered state of the stomach, liver and bowels are almost without number. On the other hand, there is only *one way* in which to banish them, and that is to restore your stomach and liver to healthy, working order. This you can do most easily and most surely, through the aid of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

The medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup act directly upon the stomach and liver, restoring their lost tone and efficiency. This is the secret of its remarkable success, its world-wide popularity, its fifty years' unequalled reputation.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size



In June, 1909, I put one of your Tyres on the front wheel of my push cycle.

I took it off last month after it had completed 15,287 miles, by my cyclometer.

Of course it has had a few punctures, but with the exception of a burst, the inside of the tyre shows very little injury and no apparent serious deterioration of the fabric, while the markings on the tread are quite distinct still.

(Signed) *F. Grant.*

South Kensington, London, S.W. *March 11th, 1916.*

MOSELEY

THE MOSELEY CYCLE TYRE.

Wired on cover. **9/-**

Moseley special printed tube **5/-**

Guaranteed to give 12 months' satisfactory service. Full list of Moseley Cycle Tyre Prices in Moseley Cycle Tyre Catalogue, post free.

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS, LTD.,
Chapel Field Works, Ardwick, Manchester.

Manchester: 2, 4 6, New Brown Street; Glasgow: 126, Ingram Street; Newcastle-on-Tyne: 44, 46, High Bridge; London: 51, 52, Aldermanbury, E.C.; Dublin: 16, William Street; Birmingham: 4, Lancaster Street, Corporation Street.

E.W.H.

Don't,—it's alright!—

No need to thrust your lighted pipe into your pocket if you smoke Bondman. Its delicate fragrance (a proof of its fine quality) is enjoyed by the ladies. You can smoke Bondman in the drawing-room where other tobaccos are taboo.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

Per 6D OZ.

LLOYDS'

BONDMAN

Rich, Ruddy, Virginia Tobacco.

Getting more for your money.

If you make a suit last twice as long, *you get more for your money*—and it *will* last twice as long if you have it cleaned and pressed in the famous "Achille Serre Way." By removing all marks, stains, and creases and restoring the shape we make an old suit look as good as new. It only costs 3s. 9d. Write for free descriptive booklet and address of nearest Branch.

D15

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

(East 3710—4 lines.)

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

YOU CAN SAVE
more than three-quarters of your time in cleaning linos and polishing floors, and do it with so much ease if you use an

O-Cedar Polish Mop

Cleans as it polishes, and does in a few minutes every morning work that hitherto took an hour or more.

Be sure it's O-Cedar

FREE TRIAL.—Deposit the price with your dealer, and if not satisfied after a week's trial your money will be refunded. The Mop is supplied impregnated with O-Cedar Polish ready for use.

PRICES:
4s. 2d., 5s. 2d., 6s. 3d.

Mfrs.: CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 45-46, Old Street, London, E.C.

THE NEW TRIANGULAR
O-Cedar Polish Mop
WITH ADJUSTABLE HANDY-HANDLE-HINGE

Gibbs's Dentifrice

"Like a Breeze in the Mouth"

You cannot fail to appreciate the fresh, clean feeling peculiar to Gibbs's Dentifrice. It imparts to the breath a delightful fragrance and is pleasant to use. To remove tartar, disinfect the mouth, and keep the teeth pearly white, there is no dentifrice so effective as Gibbs's.

6d. of all Chemists.

Little Mary Gibbs

Generous Trial Samples.
of Dentifrice, Cold Cream Soap, and Shaving Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.
D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 13A), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. *Established 1712.*

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

Good Teeth are Vital

The good that Nestlé's Milk does in babyhood remains long after babyhood is past, and many a grown-up's strong, sound teeth are simply confirmation of some mother's wisdom.

Nestlé's Milk yields every body-building element that your child requires, and there is no surer way of having baby grow into a splendid man or woman than giving Nestlé's from the start.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Cash Price. 3d. and 4½d. per tin.

A splendid ALBUM OF PORTRAITS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS who were reared on Nestlé's Milk will be sent free to any Mother, Doctor or Nurse mentioning this paper.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

WAR-TIME SAVING

NEWBURY'S APRIL BARGAIN BOOK (Reg.)

READY TO-DAY

Reliable Drapery and serviceable Dress Materials. Inexpensive Underwear. Utility Garments.

PATTERNS POST FREE

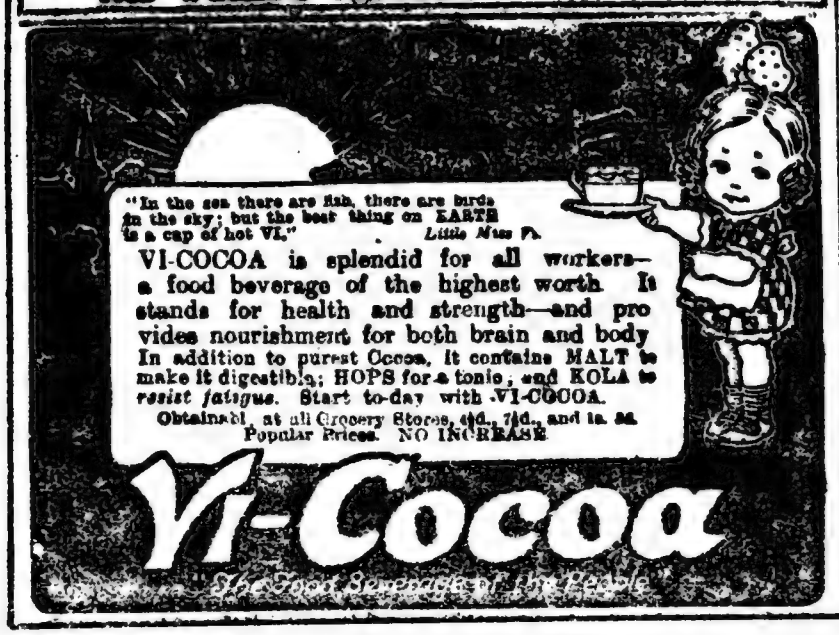
Post Free on Application.

A fully illustrated Catalogue eagerly looked for every month by a quarter of a million readers.

Send for this wonderful book to-day.

The Proprietors of this Journal are authorised to guarantee money back in full for any purchase not fully approved.

NEWBURY'S Ltd., THE WORLD'S TRADERS. Dept. A 22 BIRMINGHAM


"In the sea there are fish, there are birds in the sky; but the best thing on EARTH is a cup of hot VI."
Little Miss P.
VI-COCOA is splendid for all workers—a food beverage of the highest worth. It stands for health and strength—and provides nourishment for both brain and body. In addition to purest Cocoa, it contains MALT to make it digestible; HOPS for a tonic; and KOLA to *resist fatigue*. Start to-day with VI-COCOA.
Obtainable at all Grocery Stores, 4½d., 7½d., and 1s. 4d. Popular Prices. NO INCREASE
Vi-Cocoa
The Food Beverage of the People

WHITELEY'S CYCLES

Represent the utmost possible value

Cash £4 : 15 : 0 Price

EASY PAYMENT TERMS
12 monthly payments of 7/11
(A year's credit without one penny extra charge).

British Built. Best Finish Throughout.
The Dunlop Co's. Edinburgh Tyres.

Carriage Paid to your door. Illustrated List Post Free on application.

WM. WHITELEY LTD. QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.

Please mention "John Bull."

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Helping the Enemy.

The boys at the Alexandria Base have sent an enormous number of complaints to us during the past few days, and we do not blame them. They kick because their electric glow lamps are of the Kolloid Wolfram make, patented by Dr. Kuzel, whilst the packages containing them assure the British soldier that they were forwarded from "Vienna (Austria)." We have much sympathy with the men who when writing to friends have to use an Austrian indelible pencil bought by the British War Office, the light by which they write being provided, again at the Department's expense, by the gentle Hun, concerning whom we have so many things to say.

Unsavoury Scraps.

Economy is practised in the Royal Engineer Barracks at Chattenden. After dinner, men go round with biscuit tins and collect the scraps of meat and vegetables left on the men's plates. These leavings are taken to a shed and put through a mincer, to appear as baked meats—we nearly wrote "funeral meats"—for the next morning's breakfast. Ugh! The men of decent upbringing are yelling.

Machine Gunners Happy.

A fortnight ago we appealed once again on behalf of the men in the Machine Gun Camp at Grantham, our remarks being based upon our own experiences while on a visit to that delectable place. We suggested that the General should make a visit in person and see for himself if our statements were not true, and are glad to know that on Monday of last week a Major-General, two Colonels, and a couple of Majors went to the camp and made a thorough inspection—much to the delight of the soldiers, who now believe that matters will be improved for them. We appreciate the thanks sent to us by the troops, and assure them that the result of our *exposé* gives us as much pleasure as it affords them.

Concerning Tommy's Money.

We have several times commented upon the irregular manner in which discharged men are treated in the matter of pay. We get hundreds of complaints from soldiers, returned to civil life, who know that there are large sums to their credit, but yet are told that they are in debt. In many cases they are given for signature a typewritten form which reads: "I hereby acknowledge that I have received all my pay and allowances, and all just demands, up to the date of my discharge." Many of the bewildered Tommies, although they know that they have not obtained all their dues, foolishly sign the receipt, and it is common for the authorities to refuse the detailed statement of accounts to which every discharged soldier has a right. Somebody must be growing rich.

Difficulties at Dover.

The men of the R.A.M.C., attached to the disembarkation staff and the ambulance trains at Dover, ask us why they are being stopped various sums of money—some small, others, from the soldier's point of view, very large. We cannot answer, but hope that some day the officer in charge of the staff will receive a reply to the question he forwarded in connection with the matter about a month ago.

"The Mysterious Twelfth."

The survivors of the "Mysterious Twelfth Division," who some time ago were hailed as "the early heroes of 1914," want to know when they will get their leave. General leave is necessarily at present practically stopped, but we hope that the General in Command will soon wake up and give the tired heroes the privilege which has been accorded to all their officers over and over again.

Dropping our Pilots.

We cannot afford at the present time to lose good officers, and we put it to Mr. Tennant that far too many are being turned out of the Army owing to "confidential reports" sent in against them by jealous and often incompetent Commanders. So numerous are the cases, that each week we hold a levee of Lieutenants and Captains unfairly returned to civil life—and in almost every case they are what we may call *real* officers, placed under Commanders who were recently civilians, but have jumped to high rank for some reason which the soldier cannot fathom. As the cashiered men hold only temporary commissions, they cannot claim a Court of Inquiry, which would enable them to give the lie to their accusers, whose charge usually is that they are professionally incompetent. The only option left to them is to hand in their papers. Heaven knows, we want company leaders with brains; and this dismissal of good men is bad for the Service. If the Under-Secretary allows such things to continue, perhaps some honourable member of the Hot Air Factory at Westminster will take the matter up.

Undeserved Suffering.

We have natural sympathy with our sick and wounded soldiers who complain that they are not allowed to walk out of hospital unless under escort. They are, however, suffering for the sins of their bad comrades, who do not appear to realise the fact that their cure largely depends upon sobriety. We are fully alive to the state of affairs in this connection, and were pained to hear the other day that a patriotic gentleman had decided to close down his splendid mansion, which he had handed over as a convalescent home, because a number of his guests had escaped through the windows, returned drunk, and worked havoc in the house.

Territorial Troubles.

We like our Terriers; they are good men and true. Our experience compels us to say, however, that the work of the Territorial Associations is rotten, top and bottom. May we suggest that in the matter of pay and allowances the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel, should be taken over by the Army Pay Department? The failure of the Associations is one of the most inglorious fiascoes since the war began. While on the subject, Imperial soldiers who have completed their service in certain cases are offered a bounty of £15 if they re-engage. Why are the Territorials cut out? Are they no good?

Those Gifts.

We have commented upon the strange way in which the Princess Mary Gift has been distributed throughout the service. The pretty boxes were supposed to be in the hands of the men last Christmas. The 5th South Staffordshires, at St. Albans, ask us to express their thanks for the gift, which they have just received; but they cannot understand why the boxes are stamped "Christmas 1914." Probably they are an overflow from the stock of that year.

Missing Men.

News is wanted of the following:—

Pte. G. Hewson, 3956, D Co., 8th Buffs; Pte. T. Forrest, 11953, 9th Devons; Sergt. W. Judd, C Co., 18th Batt., A.I.E.F.; Pte. E. Wright, 9866, 2nd Ches. Batt., 28th Division, 84th Brigade; Cpl. W. Ames, 12031, B Co., 7th Norfolks; Cpl. Wm. Johnston, L.F. Co., 1st Scots Gds.; Sergt. C. P. Clifford, 7808, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusrs.; Pte. H. Ougham, 4 Rein., 21st Batt. Australian Exp. Force; Pte. J. Wade, 18654, D Co., 1st L.N.; Pte. T. Bacon, 19873, 4th Co., Grenadier Gds.; Pte. J. Williams, 7802, D Co., 1st Welsh Rgt.; Pte. J. Russell, 1211, D Co., 18th Batt. Australian Inf.; Cpl. D. Ross, 9436, A Co., 8th Scottish Rifles.

RHEUMATISM

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT BY MANUFACTURING CHEMIST.

Pain Relieved Immediately, and 9 in every 10 cases of Rheumatism, Rheumatoid-Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago and Sciatica quickly and successfully treated without Nauseous Drugs.

RICH AND POOR ALIKE TO BENEFIT.
WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE TREATISE.

A fascinating book has been published telling the romantic story of the discovery of a wonderful remedy for all Uric Acid Troubles. In order that the numberless sufferers from these complaints may learn of this new hope to change their pains and suffering into lives of ease and good health, a copy of this book will be sent free and without any obligation whatever to all applicants.

Just fill in and post coupon below, or send your name and address to-day on a postcard, and the book will reach you by return.

The book fully explains how a London manufacturing chemist restored his wife to perfect health after years of suffering and after trying many specialists, hospitals, cures, etc., without obtaining relief. The book also tells you how you may eradicate your own troubles in the same easy way.

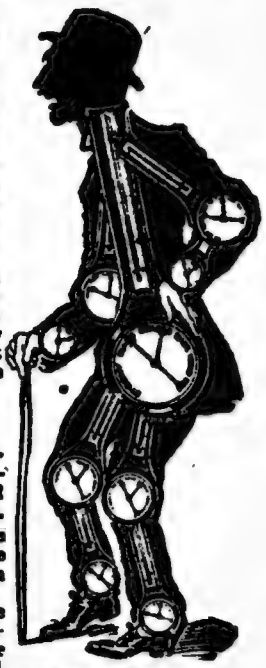
It is the opinion of all those who have tested this wonderful remedy (it has already been prescribed by over 200 doctors) that it brings new and definite hope to all sufferers from

RHEUMATISM

GOUT—SCIATICA—RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS—LUMBAGO—MUSCULAR STIFFNESS—NEURITIS, &c.

and all those troublesome and painful conditions due to an excess of uric acid in the blood.

No such remedy for these ailments has ever been obtainable before, and you are suffering needless pain and worry if you fail to test this new power, which is now placed within your reach.



A Human Barometer.

To prove our faith in this remedy, we may mention that we have already given away under Medical direction over 2,000 free treatments to deserving cases.

There are no nauseous drugs to take, no liniments to rub in, no massage, no drastic electric treatment, no long and tedious journeys to Continental spas—simply small, pure gelatine capsules called Curicones, which contain an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities and the French Medical Council.

"Curicones" are sold at a price which is within the reach of all.

Do not fail to write to-day for the book, and learn without further delay how you can relieve your painful condition in a few hours.

Curicones do not contain narcotics or poisons of any sort. They are quite harmless, and easier to take than a small pill. They will not affect the heart nor upset the stomach.

Repeated instances prove that in even the worst cases they—

RAPIDLY STOP PAIN. DISSOLVE URIC ACID. ELIMINATE IT FROM THE BLOOD.
REDUCE SWELLINGS. RENEW VITALITY.

Such consistent and certain success in the home treatment of these persistent diseases has never been attained before.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY.

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, from pains or swellings, fill in coupon and post it to-day to Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Dept. (W. 3), 19-20-21, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive by return the book giving full particulars of this great discovery, diet table, and instructions to enable you to obtain relief without further delay.

CUT THIS OUT

Please send me free and post paid your book on Rheumatoid-Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table, and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Ailment .....

To Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd.,
Manufacturing Chemists (Dept. W. 3),
19, 20, 21, Farringdon Street, London.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

M. B. (Bradford) directs our attention to the difference between our own views respecting the present condition of Germany and those of a weekly contemporary. This is essentially one of those cases in which we must "wait and see."

"A MOTHER OF SOLDIERS" (Brixton).—Quite right. Practically everybody, bar Cabinet Ministers and M.P.s, gets the sack for incompetency. When the former fail in one office they are sometimes promoted to another at a higher salary.

LOTTY O. (Abbey Wood, S.E.) thinks we cannot be a friend of the people and at the same time express loyalty to the King. Lotty had better think again.

"THISTLES" (Abbey Wood, S.E.).—We cannot satisfy your curiosity as to the present whereabouts of John Burns's "5 ft. 10½ in. big son."

A. J. T. (Flockton) complains that the I.L.P. do not practise what they preach. Judging by some of their preachments, we should say it is just as well they don't.

J. B. (Hampstead).—Because we objected to Dutchmen coming over to take gardeners' jobs, you accuse us of making "pets" of "Belgian shirkers and Mr. Samuel's tribe." You are talking double-Dutch.

C. C. (Larne) accuses us of trying the *rôle* of theologian. Not a bit of it. We leave theology to the followers of him who is said to have invented it—the Devil. We confess to have shown some interest in *religion*—but that is an entirely different thing.

"R. E. TALIATION" (Nottingham).—We believe in reprisals for Zeppelin raids, but must draw the line at your suggestion that our airmen should practise by dropping bombs on the homes of Germans (naturalised or otherwise) amongst us. Suppose they scored a miss on the house next door?

J. C. (Tarbolton).—Runciman is President of the Board of Trade, not Home Secretary. Although he certainly has dealt tenderly with German firms, and trounced the late Lord Roberts for warning the country against the German menace, we know no grounds for your suggestion that he is of anything but British descent.

E. G. (Gresham Street, E.C.).—Cannot say what will be done with interned Huns after the war, but as by that time so many of their businesses will have been compulsorily wound up, presumably they will be deported. We hope so with all our heart.

J. L. McB. (Liverpool).—If, as you allege, the Rev. A. T. Guttery, in the course of a sermon, referred to "the followers of Horatio Bottomley" as "loose, flippant, and disjointed," all we care to say is that he spoke according to his name, and, presumably, his nature.

"LEAP YEAR."—If a cinema visiting bases in France is run by Army lorries and men, we do not see why Tommies should pay 6d. admission.

"ADHERENT READER" (Paddington, W.).—The two bright lights you observed night after night in the sky were the planets Jupiter and Venus. As a constable, it is a pity you did not acquaint yourself with this fact at once, so as to be able to justify the old gag, "Ask a policeman."

"ONE OF THE MANY" (Aldershot).—The sooner the people realise the fact that M.P.s are not the masters but the *paid servants* of the public, the better for all concerned.

"DISAPPOINTED" (Bristol).—We cannot help your disappointment. It is notorious that the Pope, in the early weeks of the war, refused to condemn the Germans' hideous atrocities in Belgium on the grounds that all the belligerents were probably equally guilty.

T. D. McD. (Oban).—Rather down on what you call "the seductive cigarette," aren't you? They are one of Tommy's comforts, so it is useless for you to appeal to us, even in verse, to place a ban on them.

E. H. A. (Clapham, S.W.).—Alas, it is true that our bishops, as a body, absorb close on a quarter of a million of money a year in the form of salaries.

MRS. R. S. (Rochdale).—Unable to use cartoon. Your vision of "the dawn of peace" at midsummer is noted.

"FAIRPLAY" (N. Kensington) wants us to run a candidate who will stop naturalised aliens from commandeering the trade of our own men away fighting. "English business houses cannot take orders because of depleted staffs; foreign houses can take any orders you care to give them." We must take care to give them none.

C. M. L. (Regent's Park).—"Are hares game?" Shoot one without a licence, and then wait and see.

"DENTON."—It is only some artful mission nigger who has written you from the Gold Coast. He wants something for nothing.

"CONTROLLER" (Glasgow).—"Interesting case under the Liquor Control Act," eh? Been doing a liquor uncontrol act?

"A WAGER" (Mansfield Woodhouse).—A Zeppelin can remain stationary in the air, provided the air remains stationary.

"A WIDOWED MOTHER" (Slough).—Extract as much comfort as you can from the certain knowledge that the sacrifice of your son will not have been in vain.

A. K. (Bristol) professes to have thought out a plan to make a Germhun sniper snipe himself. It sounds too good to be true.

R. N. (Long Eaton).—We find it difficult adequately to express our indignation as regards the Zugbaum scandal, when a Boche of that name was released from internment in the Isle of Man for the purpose of getting married, enjoying a honeymoon, and, presumably, begetting young Huns. Why the authorities should encourage German vermin to breed in our own country is a puzzle to which we await the answer.

PTE. R. (Gloucester).—There are a great many ponies working underground in coal mines. As a rule, once they are taken down there they remain until they are dead or unfit for further work.

G. H. R. suggests that we publish an announcement to the effect that "England is expecting to go to war with Germany," as the Government does not seem to be aware of the imminence of hostilities. Even then, like the sluggard, they'd doubtless complain "you've aroused us too soon—let us slumber again."

"AMERICAN-BORN CANADIAN SOLDIER," when he read our article, "A Bomb for a Bomb," observed to his pal: "Say, Bo, here's a guy that's going to get the kibosh put on him by the snobs in power," and thinks we have "some nerve" to write like that in England. We dare, because we voice the sentiments of the masses, who, like ourselves, are determined to knock the supreme whey out of the Huns before we sound the buzzer.

A. L. (Lee Green, S.E.).—If, as you allege, we are being punished for our national sins, and by our evil actions are fulfilling what the Bible says *will come to pass*, we are merely pursuing our destiny. It would be rather rude of us to negative the prophecies of the Scriptures, wouldn't it?

M. A. P. (B'ham) thinks "a Cabinet Ministry of Ladies would be all right. Mrs. Tennant Secretary for War." We wonder whether there would be many candidates for Lord Robert Cecil's job?

T. G. (Witham) thinks a good substitute for the Germhun word "Kindergarten" would be "Foster Babe." H'm. Not bad. Any more brain waves?

"A READER" (Osterley Park).—Agreed that, in view of the shortage of paper, a great many useless editions of the evening newspapers might be dispensed with.

W. C. (Birmingham).—An invalid father, whose two sons have done their bit and are both broken in health, is entitled to help from the P.O.W. Fund—if anybody is. The Fund has been sadly mishandled.

H. M. H. (N.-on-Tyne) does not think much of our idea *re* "Decoy Flares." Then he had better think more.

"ATHY MAN" (Dublin).—We note there are now over 1,600 men (out of a population of 4,000) from Athy in the Army. A magnificent record.

M. A. (Burnley).—"Sabbath" was writ sarcastic. Over and over again we have said Sunday is not the Sabbath. If an old JOHN BULL reader, you ought to know that.

E. G. (Britain) thinks the nation should economise some on the salaries of the King and the Prince of Wales.

"DISGUSTED."—The son born in England of a Dutchman is English, and not entitled to exemption. If the Dutch Consul is being besieged by such men claiming to be denationalised, we imagine he tells them he has no power. If you possess definite information on the subject, place it before the Home Secretary.

"ENGLAND NOT BRITAIN" (Glasgow) declares that Scots who want us all to be called Britons must be asses, since "the 'Scots' themselves are not really Scots at all, but Picts. The Scots came from Ireland. And no Irishman wants to be called "British." We leave it to the Picts and Scots to fight it out between themselves.

E. A. P. (Hog Hill).—When truant officers "force their way into private houses while the father is absent," they should be reported.

The Poor Man's Friend, the Rich Man's Companion, the "John Bull" Pen.

T. T. (Thirsk) writes: "You are in need of further enlightenment. This week you make an allusion to our 'Protestant Bishops.' Now it is obvious you mean the Bishops of the Church of England." If what we mean is obvious, why waste time, energy, and a penny stamp to tell us so?

SGT. D. MACK (B.E.F.).—The "Ladies of Blaenavon War Committee" should have known better than to send to soldiers at the front cards printed in Germany by Schieldesheimer and Co. Tactless dames!

J. S. M. (Moffat) tells us that some oranges she bought the other day were wrapped in paper bearing a German inscription. Instead, she says, of "helping the Spaniards by buying their oranges," she was paying money into the pocket of a GERMAN resident in Spain. There are, however, worse things happening in war-time. For instance, some other enterprising foreign orange merchant is pirating the picture on our cover!

D. K. (Sunderland).—Remember there are thousands of other wives in the same position as yourself in regard to the Derby Group scheme. How at least one of them has faced the new conditions and overcome them, is related in this week's *Everywoman's*.

"CANADIAN SOLDIER" (Ottawa).—Your dollar has been forwarded to the poor woman of Llangollen, who—as you say—"was so inhumanly treated by those Prussian magistrates." Many thanks.

T. H. (Lagos).—Interested to find we have two correspondents of your initials in Lagos, and congratulate you on the fact that you are not the one who champions Bishop Tugwell.

F. A. (Custom House, E.).—It was Asquith the Premier, not Askwith the Strike Arbitrator, who enriched a wondering and admiring world with the classic phrase "Wait and see."

H. O. (Walthamstow).—We can imagine you obeying the No Treating Order with enthusiasm. Should not you have signed yourself H2 O?

LCE.-CPL. C. (Plumstead).—How on earth were we to know which part of the body is attacked by Chimney Sweep's Cancer? Your information strengthens our conviction that chimney sweeping is no job for women.

M. A. P. (B'ham).—We rather jib at the idea of pretty actresses in the pulpit, but have no doubt (provided there were a few males among the congregation) it would swell the collection if they went round with the plate.

F. G. M.—You will be quite safe in dealing with any of the bookmakers advertising in the "*Squire's*" *Special*, which is conducted by the Racing Editor of JOHN BULL.

S. E. H. (Radcliffe-on-Trent).—Prior to the war, the military system of Belgium was compulsory personal service of one son per family, eight years in the active army and five years in the army reserve.

"NO NAME."—Haven't the faintest idea who would be likely to lend you £100 "at a very reasonable interest," but we know a large number of persons who would be quite willing to borrow that sum on such terms.

"BRITISHER" (Alaska) has to walk two miles through 4 ft. of snow to get JOHN BULL, which we appreciate as well as all the nice things he says about us.

F. G. A. (Somerset).—So the National Institute of Sciences, of Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., are pressing you to buy one of their "Radio Hypnotic Crystals" at the reduced price of £1. You would be wiser to purchase half a ton of coals with the money. They evidently take you for a Zummerzet zany.

I. H. M. (Halifax, N.S.).—We read Deuteronomy xiv., 24-26, as a clear Scriptural sanction to imbibe "wine or strong drink" in the circumstances therein detailed.

"VIOLET" (South Shields).—A first prize of £1,000 in our "Bullets" competition has been awarded nine times up to the present. This week's issue affords you another opportunity of winning this handsome sum.

M. B. (Brighton) does not agree with our recent frivolous Scotch lady correspondent who thinks we have a naughty twinkle in our eye. We are glad to be vindicated of that serious aspersion upon our habitual gravity.

C. F. T. (Aintree).—We think that at your age, and situated as you are, you are justified in holding back. Should the age limit be extended, you will have to cast yourself on the mercies of the military tribunal.

D. L. (Blyth).—Congratulations on recovering your money from W. Cooper, Ltd., the notorious horticultural implement merchants, of Old Kent Road. You were lucky, as a Winding-up Order has now been made against them.

E. B. (Tachbrook Street).—"The Devil spat a squirt of steam at a brimstone bumblebee, And muttered: 'I'm outclassed by Hohenzollern devilry,'" are the best two lines.

"GREGORY" (North Shields) says he has "the POWER to Feed Millions of People in the Most Holy Name of a Much Violated God." Fish and bread, we presume?

MISS —— (Uxbridge).—So you wish us to urge the Government to tax bachelors. Do you think that might bring matters between you and a certain individual in your locality to a head? We will see what we can do.

"A YOUNG PATRIOT" (Abingdon).—Perhaps the Bathites keep the lights going as usual because they are afraid to go home in the dark.

A. F. (Cardiff).—We know nothing about the mysterious "Sister Emily" of yours. We have never been introduced. As to your dead relatives coming back from the grave shortly, that should prove very interesting.

MRS. —— (Bridgend).—If you are steadily paying off your debt it is as good as saving. Struggle on.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for April 1st, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 036,946 and A128,472. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Hawthorn Hill takes place to-day (Wednesday) and to-morrow. GEORGE B, CAROL SINGER, SWING and THE BORE should win their respective races. For the interesting match between SUBMIT and MINSTREL PARK, I shall reserve a selection for my wires.

Writing on Sunday, I cannot speak very confidently about the big race at Lingfield. I shall expect to see MOUNT WILLIAM run very well, but suggest

LUX *

as the best thing. Other winners on Friday may be; Victoria Handicap—STRONG BOY; Trial Selling Plate—SCREAMER; Felbridge Plate—WOLFALINE. On Saturday, Chiddingstone Plate—TREVELLA; Starborough Handicap—BOSKET; Reigate Welter—VERGE.*

These selections will be revised in "THE SQUIRE'S" SPECIAL issued on Thursday. Copies of this may be obtained from all newsagents and bookstalls, or will be sent by post by the publishers, Messrs. ODHAMS LTD., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. The SPECIAL costs 6d., either of newsagents or by post.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 26.

A number of the Scottish matches were not played. The following four readers sent otherwise correct coupons, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £25:—F. McDERMOTT, 15, Elizabeth Street, Thornaby-on-Tees; E. RENDELL, 27, Elm Grove, Cricklewood; Joseph COXON, 45, Higher Road, Urmston, Manchester; G. TAYLOR, 58, Norfolk House, Regency Street, Westminster.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

W. HEAD, 147, Star Road, Peterborough. March 11th. A299,449.

JOHN MURRAY, 68, Church Road, New Mills, nr. Stockport. March 18th. 208,215.

Mrs. S. REEVE, "White Hart," Old Fletton, Peterborough. March 16th. 457,891.

Corporal F. CHAPMAN, 47 Company, R.G.A., South Gare, nr. Redcar. March 18th. 836,703.

E. F. LAMB, 10, Cobden Buildings, King's Cross Road, W.C. March 25th. 482,584.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 1st:—

000745	273102	489220	767555	A087328
026564	284994	520665	782028	A152508
058165	322547	575874	850326	A176333
092485	360865	587736	877738	A182725
133247	382726	600540	928654	A237684
167734	399571	621228	956007	A268599
188682	400142	664137	975580	A309237
201028	415096	673950	983754	A329651
257665	443785	695832	A009627	A374387
266836	478230	736005	A050039	A382452

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 13th).

HAD YOURS YET?
If not, don't delay.
Cut out the Coupon opposite.
"JOHN BULL" PEN.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. April 8 1916.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

Bullets' Monster Easter Egg!

First Prize £1,000

SECOND PRIZE £100

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

SEND IN NOW FOR THIS HUGE PRIZE!

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 13th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(184) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 184," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 13th.

Example .....

Pullet .....

Example .....

Pullet .....

(184) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, **No. 185.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, APRIL 20th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 185 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 185, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 185

THE LATEST TAX	AT THE PICTURES.	RAPID PROMOTION	WHEN FATHER HELPS
KEPT SECRET	RANK IMPOSTOR	WE ALL HATE	DOING NOTHING
THE GERMAN MARK	WHEN TOMMY'S PAID	BRITISH TARS	GOOD AS GOLD
FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION	SWEET GIRL	PEACE AND PLENTY	MOTHER'S GREETING
SOFT GLANCES	PURE AND SIMPLE	FIRST SWEETHEART	THE KAISER'S LAMENT

BULLETS RULES

1. The first Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ___ Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 184:—

THE BUDGET
GERMANY
THE BRITISH NAVY
HOW TO END WAR
JOHN BULL
FATHER'S WEAKNESS
WHAT MARRIED MAN WANTS
A LITTLE KID
SIMPLE SIMON
WICKED WASTE
WE ALL DISLIKE
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
REGARDLESS OF COST
JOINT ATTACK
GOING TO ARTEST
RICH LIVING
AFTER THE WEDDING
PRODIGAL PROMISES
FIGHTING AGAINST WILL
WON'T SERVE
AFTER THE RAID
PRETTY DANGEROUS
NO SINGLE MAN
TOMMY'S WIFE
PROTECTING THE HOME
VILLAGE POLICEMAN
NON-COMBATANTS
RAINY DAY
MAKES NEIGHBOURS TALK
THE KAISER'S CONSCIENCE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
PRETTY DANGEROUS.
Bullet:—
LAME MAN CROSSING ROAD.

Example:—
PRODIGAL PROMISES.
Bullet:—
DEBTOR USUALLY MAKES.

Example:—
PROTECTING THE HOME.
Bullet:—
EVERYBODY'S DUTY.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 29th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated April 8th.

For This Week Only!

First Prize £1,000

SECOND PRIZE £100

"BULLETS" NO. 181 RESULT—

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. JOS. JUDGE,
Excelsior Works, Canal Street, Heywood, Lancs.

Example:—THE KAISER'S SISTER.
Bullet:—FEMININE GENDER, "IMPERATIVE" MOOD.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. J. T. LEE,
Green Lane Villas, Featherstone, nr. Pontefract.

Example:—CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.
Bullet:—PREACHING SERMONS FAVOURING GERMANS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Pt. BATEY, R.A.M.C., Rm, A.1, R.Coy, Hillsbro' Bks, Sheffield: A GENTLE REMINDER—WAR BADGES AREN'T "SHIELDS."

and A.M., H. COOPER, R.F.C., 140a, Brownhill Rd., Catford: NAUGHTY BOY—A "JOLLY" NUISANCE.

Mr. J. MADIN, 11, Bannon Street, Sheffield: TOO LATE—WIDOW TOOK COOKERY LESSONS.

Mr. W. P. MURPHY, 24, Myrtle Grove, Weaste, Manchester: WON'T COME OUT—"INCAPABLE" IN OFFICE.

Miss A. BAWDEN, 5, Rivers Street, Bath: FEELING PLEASED—LANDLADY'S CAT LICKING "CHOPS."

Mrs. W. DOUDNEY, 18, Hosack Road, Balham, S.W.: SLENDER WAIST—MAKES ONE LOOK "LONGER."

Mr. C. HALL, 48, The Gardens, Peckham Rye, S.E.: CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR—PREFERS PILLOW TO POST.

Mrs. L. CHANNON, 3, Crosse View, Alphington, Exeter: FEELING PLEASED—FATHER "HAVING" KNOWING WIFE.

Mr. A. HARKNESS, 9, Beresford Street, Belfast: MOST PEOPLE WANT—PLENTY OF "CHANGE" TRAVELLING.

Mr. R. ROBINSON, 457, Lower Bredbury, Stockport: NOT WANTED—FIGHTERS AT HOME NOW.

LIST OF £2 10s. AND 5s. PRIZE-WINNERS WILL BE FORWARDED ON RECEIPT OF 1d. STAMP. A COPY OF THIS LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THESE OFFICES.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday April 13th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(184) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 184," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 13th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(184) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

"JOHN BULL'S" £1,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

£1,000 FOR AN ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£250 IF ONE ERROR. . . . . .

£100 MUST BE WON EVERY WEEK. . .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, April 15th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Burnley will beat Blackpool you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Blackpool will beat Burnley then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, April 14th. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp, or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life*, results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B. Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Burnley	v.	Blackpool
			Liverpool	v.	Manchester C.
			Manchester U.	v.	Oldham
			Preston N. End	v.	Bolton W.
			Stockport C.	v.	Everton
			Bradford	v.	Leeds C.
			Notts. F.	v.	Stoke
			Huddersfield	v.	Barnsley
			Hull City	v.	Lincoln City
			Croydon C.	v.	Brentford
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Tottenham H.
			Arsenal	v	Millwall
			Luton	v.	Chelsea
			Hibernians	v.	Aberdeen
			Airdrieonians	v.	St. Mirren
			Motherwell	v.	Ayr United
			Kilmarnock	v.	Hearts
			Partick T.	v.	Rangers

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name _____

Address _____

_____

No. 29 Closing date, Friday, April 14th.

The Photo Play of the Week.

'The DOP DOCTOR'

SEE THIS WEEK'S

'CINEGOER'

EDITED BY CHAS. FREDERICK HIGHAM

20 GUINEAS IN PRIZES.

The 'Cinegoer' is instructive — fascinating — informative. All about the Best Photo Plays and Players. Answers to Correspondents. Jokes heard in the Dark. Coloured Covers.

Read this Brilliant Cinema Weekly every week.

TWOPENCE EVERYWHERE OR SAMPLE COPY SENT BY POST FOR THREEPENCE.

BACK NUMBERS NOW OBTAINABLE AT 3d. EACH.

Send Stamps to Room 628, Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Our aim

has always been to make the best and most economical lamp—the preponderance of OSRAM sales shows that we have succeeded. Why not join the millions who use OSRAMS —the lamps that improve the light and reduce the cost?

Osram
DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

See that every lamp bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others

Make your Wrist Watch break-proof!

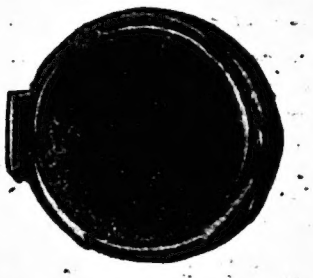
Every wrist-watch wearer —soldier or sportsman— needs the **Army Protector** which converts *any* wrist watch into a miniature hunter —guarding the glass and case from breakage, protecting the wearer from the danger of splinters, and prevents dangerous reflections from the glass.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives absolute protection to any Wrist Watch.

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement, and closes automatically—unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken, and lengthens the life of the watch by making cleaning unnecessary.

Send one to your Friend at the Front.



The Army Wrist Watch Protector (as illustrated) can be obtained to fit *any* wrist watch.

Nickel and Khaki Finish	**1/6**
Leather Covered - -	**2/6**
Rolled Gold from - -	**3/6**

Solid Silver from 6/6. **Solid Gold** from £3 3s.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller send stamps or postal orders direct to:

Sales Manager, **Waltham Buildings**
29, Church Street, Liverpool.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.